# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh, I am queen of a ghastly court,
And tyrant sway I hold,
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport,
With the bloodhounds of hunger and cold.

My power can change the purest clay
From its first and beautiful mould,
Till it hideth from the face of day,
Too hideous to behold.

Oh, I am queen with a despot rule,
That crushes to the dust:
The laws I deal bear no appeal,
Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom, and darken the brain,
With the might of the demon's skill;
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
As I grapple it harder still.

# GATHERING TO DOOM!

## A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "VILLETA LINDEN," "THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER," "GENEVRA ST. AUBYN," "BORDER LILY," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FORGED WILL," "BORDER ROVER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FEMALE SPY," "TRAITOR," "FOREST ROSE," "FAIR REBEL," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Two large, hot tears—for the tears were hot, if the child was cold—rolled down her pale, wan face, and, covering it with her hands, she drew back, and leaned against the lamppost for support.

That portion of Philadelphia lying between South and Fitzwater, Fifth and Seventh streets, is mainly composed of low, miserable, dilapidated hovels—for they scarcely deserve the name of dwellings—which are filled to repletion with the poorest, lowest, and most degraded class of human beings—beings, many of them, so far down in the scale of society (if we may use that term in this connection), that the very heathen of foreign lands would rise in the comparison. It is the very hot-bed of vice, the most hideous in all its many forms—the very sink of pollution and misery, the most loathsome in all their aspects. None live here who can live elsewhere; and many there are here who cannot be said to live at all—but rather who drag on a woeful existence, and die as it were by inches. White and black, male and female, young and old, are here, in some instances, crowded into a cold, damp, slimy, underground apartment, a dozen in a place not large enough to lodge one decently, and really not fit to be used as a dog-kennel. Murderers, robbers, housebreakers, thieves of every description, and convicts just released from our penitentiaries, here congregate, with others scarce less vile and depraved. Here flourish gambling hells of the lowest order; policy offices, which, with a show of fairness, rob many a poor wretch of the pittance which might have procured bread to save him and his family from immediate starvation; and last, though not least, the most abominable groggeries, where the victims of the vice of drink are lured to destruction by the maddening poison dealt out at a cent a glass.

Such is the passion for strong drinks among this class of our population—who either seek to raise a false courage for some desperate deed, or become oblivious to the cares and troubles which oppress them—that the master-fiends who deal out the poison, flourish and wax fat upon the miseries of their fellows, even as rank weeds shoot up from noxious, slimy beds and the foulest excrements.

These groggeries are frequented by both sexes, by all shades of color, and by all ages—for the young are ever ready to follow any example of vice set by their seniors—and here the work of degradation and depravity is carried forward to its most frightful extent. As the maddening poison enters the lips, oaths the most blasphemous, and obscenity the most vile, issue from them; and then, in close, foul apartments, reeking with fetid breaths and rank tobacco smoke, begins a scene of debauchery, which not unfrequently ends in a frightful tragedy, the details of which would make the blood curdle.

Remember, that the stuffs sold here, under the names of brandy, gin, etc., cannot, from their price, contain one tithe of pure liquor; but are almost entirely composed of such drugs as will give out a sharp, fiery taste; and are really a compound of poisons so deadly that the smallest quantity of one taken separately would produce instant death. And this mixture is poured down the callous throats of the poor wretches, till their stomachs warm and burn with the corroding draughts, their blood becomes heated and feverish, their brains begin to reel with delirium, and their worst passions, excited and set in motion, without reason to regulate, run wild with the most fiendish desires. A few more glasses, perhaps, by stupefying all the senses, put them beyond the power of doing harm; but the wretch whose inclination or money stops short of absolute drunkenness, is now let loose upon the street, a howling maniac, and woe to him or her who crosses his reeling path and mad desires!

Go where you will through this locality, and the very dregs of woe start up and stare you in the face. On the streets you behold faces pale and haggard from want, with eyes wild and hollow; or faces red and bloated from liquor, with eyes swollen, bleared, and bloodshot; forms thin, attenuated, and skeleton-like; or forms rotund and barrel-shaped, which seem to be walking masses of living corruption; and in all cases, matted hair, filthy skins, and dirty, ragged coverings.

Within the noisome hovels, so far from being better, it is even fearfully worse. Here, in winter especially, are wretches without food—without fire—without rags, even, in some cases, to cover their nakedness—actually starving and freezing to death. Here infants are born into the world, and forced out of it for the want of the most common necessaries of life. Here drunken husbands beat their wives, drunken mothers beat their children, while depraved and drunken children sometimes return the blows and beat one another. Here cracked voices, hoarse from untimely exposure and the unhealthy damps in which they live, give forth no words but those of obscenity and blasphemy. Here murders are committed which never see the light, and deeds are done which the chaste pen cannot record. Here disease takes hold of its victims, and runs riot, and leaves its most disgusting aspects in its train.

Appropriately has this locality been named the "Infected District;" and those who wish to conquer the contagious diseases of the city, should begin by planting their sanitary and medical batteries so as to rake this loathsome spot.

What enjoyment has life in these awful dens to compensate for the pains and miseries which attend it? And yet most of these beings cling to it as tenaciously as if there were no other and better state of existence. Another and better state of existence, do we say? Alas! they know of no other—they scarcely hope for another. They have no hope beyond the present. They know nothing of the consolation of the true Christian. They do not know that such a being as God exists. His holy name is only used as a by-word for emphatic affirmation or frightful malediction. They may have their superstitions of a something after death; but they are vague, undefined, irrational, the offspring of ignorance and fear. They have no books—they could not read if they had—and if they have any time unemployed, they drink themselves drunk to get rid of it.

We think we hear some honest individual exclaim:

"This is all very shocking, but not true—it really exists only in the imagination of the writer. What! Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love—with her broad, clean, rectangular streets, her splendid mansions, her stately edifices, her lofty churches, and her sober, moral, philanthropic population, to contain within her limits such a plague spot as this? Impossible!"

Nay, sir, we tell you that what we have stated is true—but must at the same time tell you, that not a hundredth part of the truth has been stated—nor, will it be, even when this work shall have passed from our hands.

We do not ask you to believe us, if you will only take the trouble to ascertain the truth for yourselves. We have named the locality, and we invite you to visit it, and prove our assertions right or wrong. Doubtless good would result from your visit; for if you have a heavy purse and a feeling heart—if you are one who desires to see your fellows happy rather than miserable—if, in short, you are a Christian, after the order of Christ, you will do something to aid the few philanthropic hearts, who have, God bless them! already begun the work of reformation in this vile quarter.

### CHAPTER I.

THE FRIENDLESS BEGGAR.

It was Christmas Eve, that happy period for the young who have parents above the wants and miseries of griping poverty, and, notwithstanding a heavy snow was falling, the streets of the goodly city of Philadelphia were thronged with joyous citizens, many of them returning to their cheerful firesides, loaded with toys, which were to greet the eyes of the happy children, when they should awake on the morrow, as the mysterious presents of fabled St. Nicholas. It was a gala time to all but the homeless and destitute; and, alas! there are too many such, who, with fevered eyes, can only look upon the happiness of others through that deep veil of hopeless gloom which shuts out every cheerful ray. To such poor wretches it was a time of open mockery, for they keenly felt that but one tithe of what was now so freely spent for foolish toys would have provided them against the pangs of starvation and death.

The streets were thronged with happy citizens, going to and fro, on that snowy Christmas Eve which opens our story. But there was one abroad, in one of the main thoroughfares, who, like our Master of old, knew not where to lay her head. This was a mere child—a little girl of perhaps ten years of age—who, thinly clad, almost barefoot, was stealing along, with tearful eyes and pitiful look, unconscious whither her steps were tending—nor caring, so she might find some good Samaritan who would shelter her for the night and give her food. More than once was she rudely jostled and put aside by purse-proud, anxious passengers; and more than once was her thin dress brushed by rustling silks; yet not one paused to give her a kind word, or direct one look of sympathy to her sorrowful face. Poor child! May God protect you! for mankind seem to have no bowels of compassion.

At last the poor little thing, weary and discouraged, stopped under a lamp, and looked tremblingly around her. On either side of her was a row of fine dwellings, and she fancied there might be hearts in some of them that would take pity upon her. At this moment a man passed, well buttoned up in a warm overcoat, and catching his eye, and fancying there was something benevolent in the expression, the little girl impulsively made a step forward, and, holding out her thin hand and half-naked arm, said, falteringly:

"Please, sir, will you give me a trifle?"

Now this man had what is called a kind heart, and, had he known how painfully a little charity was needed, he would have stopped, doubtless, and bestowed upon her a silver coin; but it was snowing; his thickly-padded overcoat was snugly buttoned; and so, making a feint to feel in his pocket, he hurriedly answered:

"I have no change, my little girl."

As he passed on, two large, hot tears—for the tears were hot, if the child was cold—rolled down her pale, wan face, and, covering it with her hands, she drew back, and leaned against the lamp-post for support.

While standing thus, the door of a house in front of her was opened, and a gentleman came out upon the steps, and deliberately spread an umbrella, while another appeared just within, holding the door with one hand.

"It is snowing finely," said the first, "and, if it keeps on this way through the night, we shall have fine sleighing to-morrow. By-the-by, deacon, if there should be a good fall of snow, would you like a drive with me out to the Wissahickon?"

"Thank you," answered the other, in a smooth, oily tone, "I should like it very much in the afternoon. In the morning, you know, I must attend divine service, and put in my mite to aid the poor—God help them!"

"Ah! true!" said the first; "we should not forget the poor at this season of festivity; and, as I may not get down to hear the sermon, I will commission you to put in my mite for me."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket two half dollars, which he handed to the deacon, who thanked him in the name of the poor, and promised to deposit them, on the day following, in the charity box of the church in which he worshiped.

"Well," continued the one with the umbrella, "should the day be fine, and good sleighing, I will call for you at three o'clock."

"Very well—that will suit—and thank you, too."

"Good night, Deacon Pinchbeck."

"Good night, friend Parker—good night."

The gentleman with the umbrella walked hastily away, and Deacon Pinchbeck backed in and closed the door.

The little girl, whom neither of these persons had noticed, and who had heard every word of the conversation reported, thought, simple soul, that the house of such a pious man would be the place to solicit charity, and so, after some tremblings and misgivings, she summoned the resolution which attends despair, ventured up the marble steps, and gave a slight ring. The deacon, who was still in the entry, exchanging some words with his wife, who was upstairs, did not wait for the servant, but answered the bell himself.

"Well," he said, harshly, as his eye fell upon the miserable object who stood trembling before him, partly with cold and partly with fear—for she was not a beggar by profession, and felt very timid: "Well, what do you want?"

His voice was no longer soft and oily, but more like a file going across the teeth of a saw.

"Ple-a-a-se, sir," chattered the little girl, "I'm very hungry."

"Hungry, are you?" returned the pious deacon, with holy horror; "why don't you go home, then, and not be out at this time of night, ringing gentlemen's door-bells? Have you not been told never to put your feet on these steps, you miserable creature? Eh! come, speak! have you never been told to keep away from here?"

"N-n-no, sir," stammered the girl, bursting into tears—"I never was here before."

"Then you are a new one, eh? one of the new beggarly impostors, are you? Well, come in here, till I teach you a lesson."

The child, much frightened, drew back, and would have darted down the steps, but the deacon caught hold of her, and said:

"Not so fast, my little thief—not so fast; you don't escape me this way." Then seeing some one approaching along the street, he added, in a milder tone, but one that could be heard at a greater distance, "Come in, my poor child! come in, and I will see what I can do for you."

Reassured by the change of his voice, and seeing no alternative, the little girl entered the house, and the deacon closed the door. He then bade her follow him into the back parlor, which was handsomely furnished, and lighted with gas, with a cheerful coal fire burning in the grate, and sending out a pleasant heat. A fat little boy, with rather coarse, impudent features, sat on a cricket near the fire, with his hands locked over his knees, and a sleek tabby cat purring in his lap. A large, stuffed rocking-chair stood in the centre of the apartment, and, throwing himself into this, the deacon, in an authoritative tone, bade his trembling captive advance to his side, where she underwent a very rigid and contemptuous scrutiny.

She was one of those unfortunate beings whom we can only liken to a frost-nipped flower—beautiful by nature, but withered and faded by the chilling air of adversity. She was, as we have before remarked, about ten years of age, but small and slender, and now, alas! thin and wasted for want of the necessaries of life. Her face was not clean, neither were her hands; but she only needed washing, feeding, and dressing, with kind words and gentle smiles, to have made her a beauty of which the most fastidious could have been proud. Her features were pretty, but soiled and haggard. She had a straight nose, a prim little mouth, with even, pearly teeth, and gentle, expressive blue eyes. A ragged hood partially covered her head, the hair of which was light, and fell down the sides of her face and neck in disorder, being uncombed and matted. A thin, ragged gown, one sleeve of which was gone above the elbow, with a dragging under-garment, old slip-shod shoes, both too large and unmated, and a black, faded, moth-eaten shawl, of small dimensions and coarse stuff, completed her attire. This apology for a shawl she drew close around her person, and endeavored to keep her naked arm concealed under it. She was, indeed, an object of striking interest to the true philanthropist.

Marked was the contrast between this poor child of sorrow, and the rich, fat, pious Deacon Pinchbeck, and his hopeful son and heir. The deacon was a man on the shady side of forty, very plump, like one who lives well, but neither tall nor graceful. His face had an oily look; but the expression could be harsh and cold enough when he wished. The eyes were a light gray, shrewd, and rather small; the nose short, angular, and turned up at the end; the mouth large and sensual, and the cheeks plump and fresh. He had scarcely any eyebrows, and his forehead was what some would term intellectual; but it was not so in reality; for the deacon knew very little beyond certain long prayers, certain stereotyped pious sayings, and how to get money and keep it. The forehead, it is true, looked well to one who had no idea of the noble science of phrenology. It looked high, because the deacon was a little bald; and it looked oily, because the deacon fed well; but from the base to the crown, it had a very unintellectual slope; and the place where the organs of veneration and benevolence should have been, was so flat that the good man might have set a pail of water there and carried it with very little difficulty. Of course the deacon dressed well, in dark broadcloth; and to look more sanctified, if not ministerial, he wore round his neck a white cravat, without collar. He was fawning and sycophantic to the rich, full of cant to the pious, but a regular tyrant to those whom he could oppress with impunity.

He was of vulgar extraction—*id est*—what the fashionable term vulgar. His father was a drunkard, and his mother took in washing. His mother was still living in poverty, which speaks volumes for the baseness of his heart. In his early life he had been a pedlar; and what with cheating and stealing—for more than once, in buying his wares, he had pilfered from an honest salesman—he had scraped together a sum of money that had enabled him to purchase a grocery. In this business, for ten years, he was so prosperous, owing to false weights, over charges, etc., that at last he sold out, at an enormous profit, and turned usurer. His plan of doing business now was very simple. For instance, he had the money, and you wanted it; in fact you were so situated that you must have it. Very well. Mr. Absalom Pinchbeck—he was not a deacon in those days—would not charge you any more interest than the law allowed. Oh! no—not he. But you could give him your note, with a good endorser, or good real estate security, for a hundred dollars, with interest, payable at six months, and Mr. Pinchbeck would count you down seventy-five dollars. All fair, you see; and if you wanted a larger sum, it could be done at the same rate; sometimes, perhaps, if you were not too much distressed, at a better rate. Well, suppose you gave him a mortgage on your property, and by some misfortune could not meet his demand at the proper time; why, Mr. Pinchbeck could not find it convenient to renew your note; but he would do something better—for himself. He would kindly sell your property for you, secure his debt, and perhaps bid it in for one-half its real value.

In this latter way Mr. Pinchbeck got to owning houses and lands, and then he thought it time to marry. He found a widow who had managed to put two husbands under the turf, and he paid his addresses to her. She was larger than himself, and somewhat older; but she had some property, and very winning ways, and so Mr. Pinchbeck proposed. She knew him to be rich, and she accepted. In private she turned out to be a perfect shrew; but as she always had honeyed words for him in company, this could be borne. Sometimes, in a pet, she boxed his ears, or kicked him out of bed; but as Mr. Pinchbeck generally succeeded in cheating somebody soon after, he put this down to good luck—equivalent to throwing an old shoe after him. He really feared her more than he did his God; but he took care to keep this a secret, and always spoke of her as his dear wife, dear angel, and so forth.

Being at last married and prosperous, and blessed with a son, who inherited his mother's temper and his father's meanness, Absalom Pinchbeck thought it would be for his interest to join the church. His wife, who had some idea of respectability and fashion, thought so too; and so they both got religion together—or said they did, at least—and were made members of a church which had a high steeple, a good sounding bell,

carpeted aisles, and cushioned seats. Mr. Pinchbeck being very devoted and rich, and his wife rather good-looking and fashionable, he was thought worthy of the office, and was accordingly chosen a deacon.

Now the deacon never alluded to his past life and his poor mother, and there were but few of his present acquaintances who knew his history. There were, however, some who did, and who, if made angry, would throw it up to him; but the deacon would piously roll up his eyes, and exclaim, with a sigh, that the Lord had been very kind to His poor, humble servant—which was doubtless true, seeing he was yet out of that nameless place which *such* deacons deserve.

"Well," said the deacon, after a long and severe scrutiny of his trembling prisoner, "so you pretend to be a new impostor, do you?"

"Please, sir, let me go, and I'll never come here again," returned the frightened child, beginning to cry.

"Hush! you want to go, do you?" rejoined the deacon; "you are very anxious to get away, are you? that looks suspicious. Nelson (to the little boy), attend! Mark what now takes place! I intend, my son, that you shall one day be a great lawyer; and great lawyers, my son, have to cross-question witnesses. Now your father is going to question, and cross-question, this little impostor; and you will be able to learn something useful. We should always endeavor to pick up knowledge wherever we can, my son—at least such knowledge as will make us great in—in—a—ah—the world."

"Go ahead, dad," answered the juvenile prodigy.

"So you came here to steal, did you?" continued the deacon to the little girl.

"Oh! no, sir!" was the frightened answer.

"Not exactly to steal yourself, perhaps, but to lay a plan for others. You see I know all about such creatures as you. What have you got in your hand, that you keep it hid under that rag of a shawl?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Let me see!"

The child showed her hand, and with it her naked arm.

"What have you done with the putty, or whatever you use, for taking impressions of locks? Ha! you see I know your tricks—so own up."

"I haven't got any putty, sir."

"But you had."

"No, sir, I never had any."

"No stories now—you know you had."

"No, sir, I never had any putty, and I don't know what you mean."

"You see what story-tellers these things are, Nelson—they can't tell the truth."

"If I'a you, dad, I'd switch her—that 'ud fetch her."

"Perhaps I shall before I'm done, if she don't answer me better. Do you know, you creature, that I could put you in prison, for coming here to steal?"

"But I didn't come here to steal—indeed, indeed, I didn't!" cried the poor child.

"Why didn't you come in the daytime then? or why did you come here at all?"

"I was so hungry, sir."

"Hungry, were you? Indeed! Are you hungry now?"

"Yes, sir—some—not much."

"Ha! I see you can't tell a straight story. Where do you live?"

"I haven't any home, sir."

"Come! that's likely! if you go on in this way, I shall take Nelson's advice and switch you."

"I guess if dad switches you once, you'll be glad to tell the truth," said the boy, putting down the cat, and getting up. "Let's see your face;" and coming up close to her, he pinched her arm.

The unfortunate child uttered a cry of pain, and drew back.

"Stop," said the father; "don't you attempt to correct her, Nelson, you are too young. Come, you beggar—tell me where you live, this minute!"

"I don't live anywhere, sir. I used to live with an old woman, down by the river—but she beat me so, I had to leave her."

"So! you're a runaway, eh?"

"I ran away from her, sir."

"I ought to take you back there, I suppose, for it's the duty of good citizens to return all the runaways they find. What did she beat you for?"

"I don't know, sir; I always minded her."

"You were a bad girl, I suppose. What is your name?"

"Ellen, sir."

"Ellen what?"

"Ellen Norbury."

"Ellen Norbury, eh? Hum! Have you got a father?"

"No, sir."

"Never had one, maybe," and the witty Deacon laughed at his coarse joke, and his hopeful son joined in, not because he understood the inuendo, but because he thought it proper to laugh when his father did. "Never had a father, eh?" pursued the inquisitor.

"Yes, sir;" and the recollection caused little Ellen to sob hysterically.

"What became of him?"

"He died, sir."

"Hum! Well, have you got a mother?"

"No, sir—she's dead, too."

"What did your father do for a living?"

"He was an artist, sir."

"Where did he live?"

"In Dublin, sir."

"Did he ever live in this country?"

"No, sir; he died on the voyage over."

"Did your mother live here?"

"A little while, sir."

"What did she do for a living?"

"After father died, she made shirts."

"Where did she live?"

"Down near the river, sir."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Over two years, sir."

"How long has your mother been dead?"

"Most two years, sir."

"Where have you been living since?"

"With the old woman who lived in the same house with my mother."

"What's her name?"

Ellen hesitated, and the Deacon repeated the question.

"I don't like to tell, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Day before yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Where do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Humph! a pretty pack of lies, I'll be bound."

At this moment the door opened, and the stately Mrs. Pinchbeck sailed in, dressed in silk. She was a large woman, and in her younger days, had probably been good looking; but her features now were coarse, and a near inspection showed the crow's-feet around her small, keen eyes, notwithstanding a pretty free use of cosmetics. Her hair and teeth were false, her eyebrows penciled, and her large flabby cheeks painted. Still, by gaslight, she was as passably comely as could be expected of a woman verging on fifty, who had spent a good portion of her time in fashionable dissipation.

"What is it, my love?" what is going on here?" she inquired, addressing her now uneasy lord.

"Why, my angel," answered the latter, with a look that showed he had some fears of how the intelligence might be received, "this is a little beggar wretch, who had the impudence to ring our bell, my dear, and I brought her in here to give her a lesson."

"Indeed!" said the lady, her little eyes snapping with anger; "how *dare* you bring such a creature into *my* parlor, into *my* presence, with all her dirt and filth? I'll teach *you* a lesson, Deacon Absalom Pinchbeck;" and advancing to her trembling spouse, she bestowed upon his organ of hearing a most unlady-like Christmas box—a box, in fact, that caused him to leave his seat sideways, with tears in his eyes.

She then sailed up to the corner of the fire-place, and rung the kitchen bell.

"Catharine," she said, to the servant, with a disdainful air, pointing to little Ellen, "show this bundle of rags into the street."

Poor little Ellen was only too glad to escape; and when the cold pierced her thin garments, and the snow fell upon her, and the door closed behind her, she drew a long sigh of relief.

Poor child!

## CHAPTER II.

### NEW ADVENTURES.

After the rude treatment she had received at the house of Deacon Pinchbeck, little Ellen felt no disposition to make further application for relief in that apparently inhospitable quarter. Fearful of she scarcely knew what, she hurried away, like a guilty thing, to the street that crossed the one she was in, and, with a frightened look behind her, turned the corner, and pursued her way with hasty steps. Soon she turned into another street, not so respectable in appearance, and poorly lighted. She knew not where she was, or whither she was going; but, believing she was now safe from pursuit—for she thought it not unlikely that the pious deacon might get some one to follow her—she slackened her pace, and gazed around her with a feeling of despair. She was very weak and faint, for she had not tasted food but once during the day, and then a kind-hearted baker, to whom she had applied, had given her a small roll and a cake. Still she dragged herself through the snow, already some inches deep, and at length turned into a darker and poorer street—a street, in fact, where beings lived but little better off than herself. Had she asked for charity here, doubtless she would have received it; for it is a well-established truth—and a crying shame it is that it is true—that the poor are kinder and more generous to the distressed than those who live in ease and luxury.

Little Ellen, however, had resolved to make no further application for assistance. She was completely discouraged, and thought she might as well die as live on in hopeless misery. She did not dread death, otherwise than through those instincts of nature which cause all animated creatures to cling to life; and so coming to an old step, which led up to the decaying door of an old, rickety house, she stopped, and sat down beside it, believing this night would be her last on earth. Closely drawing her shawl around her, she offered up a simple prayer, imploring the protection of the Deity who is omnipresent.

An hour passed away, and the constantly falling snow had thrown a white mantle over our little adventurer, and yet she sat motionless as a rock. At first she felt pain in her body and limbs, but a kind of numbness succeeded, and then a quiet, easy drowsiness, each moment leading deeper into a state of unconsciousness, as when one sinks gently into the arms of sleep. During the time mentioned, not a soul passed her, and nothing had occured to rouse her mind from the deadening influences of the wintry air; but now, half waking and half sleeping, she became conscious of approaching footsteps, and, rousing herself a little, she descried the figure of a man hurrying along the deserted street. She had no intention of speaking to him, or of attracting his notice, but the slight movement she made to get a view of him caused a sudden pang to shoot through her breast, and involuntarily she uttered a sharp cry of pain. The man, who was nearly abreast of her, started, stopped, looked hurriedly around, and, getting a glimpse of her person, said, somewhat gruffly:

"Who are you? and what are you doing here?"

To this little Ellen made no reply, hoping he would pass on and leave her to her fate; but, instead, he came close up to her, and repeated his question.

"I was tired, sir," answered Ellen, in a trembling voice, "and sat down here to rest."

"But you'll freeze to death here, child—better git up and go home."

"I have no home to go to," continued Ellen, beginning to cry.

"No home?" said the man, in a tone of surprise; "that's not a very likely story. You've got some place to go to—you don't live in the streets, do you?"

"I don't want to go back to the old woman I lived with, sir," replied little Ellen, "because she would beat me—maybe kill me."

"Well, then, maybe you'd like to come with me. I haven't got much of a home, but it's better than to be sleeping in the streets."

"I am afraid I should be a trouble to you," hesitated Ellen.

"Oh, come along, my little gal—we'll talk about that there arterwards."

There was something kind in his tone; and as he spoke, he stooped down and lifted Ellen upon her feet. But she was so weak, from want of food, and so benumbed with the cold, that it was only with great difficulty she could stand. Perceiving this, the man muttered something that Ellen did not hear; and throwing an arm around her slender waist, he lifted her easily from the ground, and set forward. He continued down this dark, narrow street till he came to one which crossed it at right angles; and turning up the latter, about twenty yards, he stopped beside an old house, from which issued boisterous sounds of many voices, mingled with the squeaking of a fiddle, and the shuffling of feet as of persons engaged in a dance.

"They're having a high time in there," said the man; "but we'll not jine 'em. Think you can walk a little now?" he inquired, again placing little Ellen on her feet.

"Oh, yes, sir—thank you!" answered the child, who felt her heart swelling with gratitude at the kindness the other displayed.

"Well, then, give us your hand, and don't be afeard," was the rejoinder of the man, as he turned into a dark, narrow passage between two old houses—so dark that nothing could be seen, and so narrow that two persons could not go abreast.

From this passage, which was closed overhead by the two old houses joining, little Ellen, following her guide, emerged into a sort of court, whence she could once more look up to the heavens. Just before her she could barely perceive another old building, with here and there a ray of light streaming through a crevice, showing that it was inhabited. Under this, on one side, was another narrow passage, similar to the one she had just passed through; and this, like the other, emerged into a small opening, with another old building just beyond. Turning short round the building, Ellen's strange guide now descended a flight of old steps, and rapped on the door of an underground apartment.

"Is that you, Jim?" inquired a female voice from within.

"Yes, Mag, it's me; come, hurry and open the door."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE FIRST WINE.

A Grecian legend is as follows: "When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia, and, as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass larger still than that of the lion. So he put the lion's, containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men drank of it first they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses."

### "POPS" OF THE QUESTION.

There are three offers of marriage in a new book called "Uncle John" which are models in their way:

Laura and Lexley.—"Mr. Lexley," she said, perfectly calm and composed, "am I to understand that you are asking me to be your wife?" "I know I might as well expect an angel to come down from heaven and marry me, but that is my desire," he answered, unconsciously borrowing from the baptismal service his energetic affirmative. "I ought to give you a frank and hearty 'Yes.' I will, too, on certain conditions."

Annie Dennison and Percy Mortimer.—"If I thought it possible you could value anything I can give I would offer you all I have in the world, encumbered only with myself. Miss Dennison, will you accept it?" "No," whispered Annie, rising from her seat to take his arm in a perfectly friendly manner and guide him back to the ball-room.

Horace Maxwell and Annie Dennison; the latter as a sister of mercy in carrying food, tea, etc., to the poor, and Horace is trying to induce her to carry the basket.—"Miss Dennison," he faltered, "Annie, my own darling, may I carry your basket all my life?" "If you'll put all your eggs in it, yes," answered Annie, boldly; and coming suddenly on a crossing sweeper, the only living soul to be seen, a solemn silence intervened.

## THE REVIEWER.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia: "Beecher's Recitations, Humorous, Serious and Dramatic," and "McBride's All Kinds of Dialogues," both designed to furnish the young folks with attractive and novel material suitable for amateur performances and entertainments. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Also, "Babyland," A Christmas Story, by Lord Wentworth, London. Also, "A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters," by William Cleaver Wilkinson. Published by Albert Mason, New York. Also, "The History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science," by John W. Draper, M.D., L.L.D., Professor in University of New York. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "How He Won Her," being a sequel to "Fair Play," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. This is the third volume of the new edition of the works of this popular writer now in press. Also, "The Bride of Lammermoor," by Sir Walter Scott, being the third volume of "Petersons' Cheap Edition for the Million of the Waverly Novels." Also, "The Clandestine Marriage," by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. A novel full of sensation, exciting and interesting plots, and poetic pictures.

"The Cost of Paper, computed and tabulated for the Printer and Publisher," by Eugene H. Munday. Published by Collins and M'Leester, 705 Jayne street, Philadelphia. Printers will find this a most valuable, convenient, and accurate book of reference.

### THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

BY C. S. M.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—she slept," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered:
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

# AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

## By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

**Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.**

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER XXI.

The early spring winds are blowing the London fogs right and left; they loiter through the parks, bringing tears to the newly-opened eyes of the shivering violets. The mignonettes have not yet begun to bloom in the window-boxes, but the sun, when it chances to penetrate the mists, lights up whole beds of the yellow crocus, that first coming flower, which, like the summer's first swallow, strives hard to make the spring more spring-like with its gorgeous, but scentless, beauty.

It is morning. Reine and Keith Henderson are alone together; it is the first hour after breakfast. Reine exacts this one hour of his society to be devoted to her out of the whole long day, sometimes far into the evening, which he gives scrupulously to "business." She takes a sweet and bitter sort of pleasure in watching the way he dawdles through it. He takes up the paper, yawns, looks through it, flings it down; he plays with the morsel of a Maltese cat sleeping on the rug, and watches the clock. Thank heaven! the hour strikes at last.

Keith does not say "thank heaven" aloud. But there is something very nearly akin to thanksgiving in his mind, as he hears the tiny strokes sounding his release. He starts up briskly and takes his hat.

"Well, Reine, my hour is up. I must go, I suppose. How the time slips by. One can hardly tell where the morning gets to."

He goes through the form of kissing her as he says it. The very worst, together with the very best of men, are cowards, in a small way, in their dealings with women.

"Good-bye," says Reine, coldly. "I cannot say your company is so exhilarating that I shall miss it exceedingly."

"I dare say not. But then life is not such a gay and festive affair that one should keep in a perpetual state of grin and caper."

"I have not asked you to turn yourself into a clown for my amusement," Reine retorts, angrily. "I only ask this one hour of all the day—and how do you get through it?"

Passionate tears gleam in her velvet eyes as she looks up at him.

"Well, but, Reine, you know this business takes all my time now," he answers, feeling a little sorry for her, and a good deal bored for himself. "I have not positively an hour to call my own now."

"Time was when you were only too willing to throw over any work, any engagement for the sake of an hour of my society," she returns, quickly.

A dark and unbecoming flush drifts over Keith Henderson's face, as Reine thus unceremoniously recalls to him the follies of his youth. He feels a sickening thrill of disgust for himself as he remembers scenes that he would give the world to forget—foolhardy and foolish experiences; a passion—a glamour—an awakening!

"And yet—the sweet times are the old!
Were they so sweet, those days of old?
Alas! if all the west o' th' wind
Of youth be memory, age will whirl
A bitter blast on me."

Keith's fancies do not put themselves in this poetic manner precisely; but if we translate the poetry into good, hard-sounding, ringing prose, we may get something akin to the tenor of his thoughts, as he answers with unconscious cruelty:

"Well, that was in my youthful days, Reine. I suppose there is a time in every man's life when he is content to make a fool of himself, and, like Hamlet, in the play, sit at Ophelia's feet—not stick posies in her hair."

Every word, as he speaks it, standing over her, good-natured and handsome, listlessly stretching his great, long limbs, smites her to the heart as if it were a sword thrust. But she, too, smiles bravely; there is nothing of the coward in her nature.

"I suppose your sentiments would be fashioned now more after those of the clown in the burlesque, when he says, 'Lady, may I sit on your feet,' would they not?" she retorts, firmly.

"Something after that sort, I admit," he answers, laughing. "And, by George, as things go now-a-days, the clowns seem to be having a good deal the best of us. They are the only ones that get any real hearty enjoyment out of life. The Hamlets and Othellos are pushed to the wall and looked upon as rather a hair-brained set of lunatics."

He forgets to be funny, and stands with his hands in his pockets, looking down at the dog which he is worrying with his foot.

"And yet you were really fond of me in those days, Keith," she persists, with the tormenting way some women have of bullying men into making love to them. "Have you forgotten how happy you were? you never feigned anything then."

She knows he does not love her any longer; knows that he frets against his bondage, that he is weary of her smiles, her look and words of affection—and yet her pride is so weak, her heart so thirsts for one tender word from him!

Keith Henderson, goaded by Reine's persistent folly, starts quickly and wheels about, making for his hat and gloves.

"Oh, hang it now, Reine. Don't you want a little love talk," he bursts out. "I fancy we are a little too old for that."

Bang! the door goes behind her as Reine disappears, in a passion, into her bed-room. Keith lingers a moment, feeling that he ought to make it up with her; then thinking better of it, and glad, perhaps, to get off so easily, he runs, whistling, down the stairs, out into the street.

Reine is gone but a few moments. When she returns to the empty room she is very pale. But there are no traces of the past storm on her face. As thunder storms many times clear the thickening heavens, so does a passion of tears sweep away all disfiguring frowns from a pretty woman's face. She sits down to her table and begins to write a letter. Then wearying of it before she has cleared a page, she pushes it aside and takes up a book, but before she has turned the page, the door opens, and a servant announces

"Mr. Henderson to see my lady."

Reine starts to her feet. She stands with one hand on her book, looking at her visitor as he approaches. Her face is frightfully pale, of a dead gray ashen pallor; her lip twitches; she has the look of one who is expected to entertain a ghost.

Karl comes slowly forward. He is watching her. Not a movement of hers, not an expression of her face, which is plainly playing traitor to her now, if she but knew it, escapes him.

"I hope my unearthly appearance does not frighten you," he says, lightly. "I am getting somewhat used to the sensation I create by my ghostly figure, though it's an unpleasant experience having my friends stare at me always as if I had just come up from under ground."

Reine forces her white lips into a smile.

"The first sight of you is rather startling to one's nerves, I confess," she makes answer. "You must have been very ill?"

"I have been very ill, indeed! So near to death, in truth, that if I had not been blessed enough to move the pity of one of the gentlest, faithfulest nurses that ever kept the flickering lamp of life burning in the human form, I should have been numbered with the dead long ago."

Reine draws her breath hard. Her hand clinches on her book.

"Have you been in Paris all this time?"

"Mostly. I came directly from there here!"

"Alone?"

"Not quite alone!" Karl answers, with a faint half smile. "My little nurse came with me. She was not quite willing to trust me from under her fostering care yet awhile.

There is silence for a moment. Reine sits with her chin dropped on her hand. One single, deep, dark line furrows her forehead as if a burning thought had crossed it for life.

"Where is Keith?" Karl asks as he watches her.

There is a quick breaking up of the settled cloud on her face. Her eyelids quiver and fall, as if even the sound of his name was enough to stir the tears that lay behind them.

"I do not know," she says, wearily. "Keith goes out in the morning and does not come home till late in the evening. I believe some foreign house is about to send him abroad on a protracted tour—some agency to foreign ports."

"You will go with him of course."

"No! he does not think best that I should. I am to stay in London."

She shuts her teeth tight as she speaks. Her bosom heaves, there is a ripple in her voice, as if a moment more and it would break in tears. Henderson pities her and feels for a while the stern purpose which has brought him to her presence melt within him.

"Keith has splendid abilities," he says, evasively, "and perhaps it is better that he should use them. His life, you know, has been rather a waste, more's the pity; though it's not too late yet to mend it, if he has a mind."

Reine turns on him eyes that glow terribly splendid in their fierce anger.

"That is what you always say; it was what you said before; have you come to repeat it to me, now—now! Oh, my God! at this hour." And she drops her face on the table, with panting sobs struggling from her lips.

"I did not mean to hurt you, Reine," he says, moved by her emotion. "Whatever sorrow I may feel for Keith's wasted powers, or regret for his wild career, will never influence him. Our paths lie far apart—they always will."

"And yet you come here—oh, why did I ever go to find you—why did I ever bring you here? He has not been the same man since you left us; and you have come back again—again!"

She says it with a long, finer sigh—is it of regret, apprehension; what is it makes her fix her eyes on him as he sits before her, with that look as if, had she the Medusa's fabled power, he would turn to stone there in his chair, and speak nor breathe no more.

"Was it because you wished me not to come back again, Reine? was it because you feared me, no, not me, but my possible influence over Keith, that you set your assassins to work on me in Paris?" Karl asks, suddenly throwing off the mask, and walking up to her, as she sits by the table.

She too rises, stands facing him. There is no fear in her face, but a horrible pallor, and she meets his look bravely. There must be no flinching now; no, not a tremor; but she is like a woman that stands looking into the eyes of death.

"*I* set assassins on you?" she repeats, slowly. "Is this play? What do you mean?"

"Give me back the papers your spy took from my clothing when he left me for dead in Paris, Reine," Karl goes firmly on, "and give me with them, the papers left in my hands by my dead friend—the man your husband killed in Arras!"

She is fearfully white, and from where her teeth are locked upon her under lip a drop of blood spurts and trickles down. But she shows no sign of faltering in her well-assumed calmness.

"I have no papers, neither yours nor your friend's; and you must be mad, quite mad, when you speak to me like this," she says, distinctly.

"I have got the letter which you wrote to the prefect in Arras," he says, still mercilessly holding her with his eyes. "The letter in which you denounced me as an insurgent, a spy—a man who deserved for his crimes the extremest penalties of the law. It came into my hands by chance, or Providence, which was it?" his dark eyes lift a moment heavenward, and then again fall on the tortured face before him. "The girl who saved my life in Paris, who took me, after your hired assassin left me for dead on the stones, and nursed me back to such life as is now in me, took it from the dead body of a soldier that she had made ready for the grave. How it came into his possession, who shall say? In such stormy days as these we do not question events; they flit too rapidly. It is enough that I have the letter here," he strikes his hand lightly on his breast, "a damning evidence of your fiendish love. Love for Keith, and hate for me; which is the stronger passion, Reine?"

She has stood quite still all the time he has been speaking, but at the last words she raises her head, and a long, lithe glance of flame shoots from her eyes.

"Hate! Oh! if I could only strike you dead, now—now!"

"Nay! what difference would my death make?" he says, quietly. "Would it bring any peace to you—would it make any difference to Keith, or in any way influence his love for you?"

"Keith's love for me!" she stretches out her arms with a low, terrible cry. "Oh, how you mock me! You who have taken his love away from me. You who have made him despise me!"

He sees that it is useless to argue with her in her half frantic mood.

"Give me the papers," he says. "Give me the papers your spy took from me, and then I will go. I will not trouble you longer."

The old defiant look comes back to her face; her lips curve with scornful resolve. She surveys him calmly and coldly, from head to foot. She is for that one brief moment, a splendid figure of daring, fearless bravery; reckless of honor, reckless of life or any cost that counts against her.

"I have told you that I have no paper," she answers. "Even if, as you say, you were struck by an assassin, and not, which is more likely, by a drunken soldier, why should he care enough for some paltry papers that you carry about you, to risk detection in stopping to secure them. And why should I, of all persons, want such papers?"

"Was it not to destroy all clues that might identify me? Was it not that I might, a nameless adventure, be pushed into a nameless grave, and that no sound, no suspicion of my miserable fate should get back to my brother, to be a lasting regret that he sent me to such a death? Were these your reasons, Reine, for wanting them?"

Then, as she looks contemptuously in his face, he goes on,

"Shall I give this letter to Keith, Reine? Shall I show him what sort of a woman it is that he loves—nay, since you will have it so, what sort of a woman it is that professes to love him with such an idolatrous passion? A woman who does not scruple to take human life when she fancies it stands between her and her happiness? A woman who is the boon companion of outlaws and murderers?"

Henderson speaks slowly and impressively, and every word tells upon the unfortunate creature before him. The brave scorn fades out of her eyes, a quick and cringing fear takes it place.

"Oh, no, no!" she gasps. "You must not do that. You would not be so cruel. Surely, surely you will have enough mercy to spare me that."

"Mercy!" he repeats, after her. "Did you have any mercy on me? Would you have had any mercy, Reine, if I had, at the extremest moment of agony, asked you to spare my life?"

"I tell you you must not give it to him," she cries, crouching to the floor. "You do not know Keith as I do. He would never forgive me, never. He would never speak to me again. Oh, you don't know—you don't know what I have suffered in seeing him so changed. Do not make it worse."

She is utterly subdued, and Henderson, shocked at her wild words, her wilder looks, tries to lift her from the ground.

"Hush! get up; do not kneel there in that way to me. You must know that I would be incapable of using this paper against you. I am only too truly sorry for you. Give me back my papers and you shall have your letter. It shall be a fair exchange, and I will be externally silent."

"You shall have them to-morrow," she shudders. "I will bring them to you. No! no! Give me your address. I will bring them to you!"

He lingers, hesitating. He is, more than he likes to confess, alarmed at her agitation. She looks up at him, angrily.

"I tell you I will bring them to you. I promise it. Will you not go now. I cannot bear the sight of you and be calm. Go! go at once!"

And so he leaves her. She is as good as her word, and brings him the papers, before he has left his hotel in the morning. He wonders at her expedition; but she looks as if she had not slept through the night, she is so haggard and her manner is so listless.

He is greatly moved by her emotion, as she takes the fatal letter and, standing by the grate, tears it into long thin strips, which she thrusts one by one into the fire.

"I hope you will be happier now," he says to her. "I am quite sure you will be. I have seen Keith, and what change there is in him seems to me to be for the better."

She shakes her head drearily.

"I do not expect to be happy again—never again, after this. I dare say I do not deserve to be, either," she answers, passively.

"You are only a little dejected now—out of spirits," he says, kindly. "Cheer up, Reine. We all have our dark days. This is one of yours."

She looks at him steadily as she stands by the fire. The red glare falls on her shapely figure. Her eyes gleam brightly. Her lips are dry and parched.

"Keith is going with you to New York, is he not?" she asks, quietly.

Karl shows his surprise.

"He spoke of it, yesterday, but I did not think him in earnest about it."

"He is going. He is making all his arrangements."

"But you will accompany him?" Karl asks. "Of course you will go, too?"

Reine shakes her head drearily.

"He thinks better I not. He thinks I will be better in London. It might be so," she goes on, wildly, "if I could be sure he loved me as he did once. But to know that he goes with you in order to be for a time free from me; that he shrinks away from my touch, even; that he avoids my look; that he will not come into my presence, save when necessity compels him; that—that is misery, indeed. Death itself would be sweet, in place of such pain."

Henderson is silent. He pities her so. From the bottom of his heart he pities the miserable woman.

"Did I not tell you, once," she goes on, rapidly, "that Keith loved some sort of feeling, that he termed honor, better than me? Well, it is this same feeling—you may call it by any name you will—

keeps him from breaking wholly the bond that binds him to me. It forces him at times to speak as he used to speak, to look at me as he used to look—and so, over and over, hope is revived in my heart, only to die again its first strange, sad death."

Henderson is silent. What has he to say to her in that sad hour?

"I tell you," she says, rapidly, "it is better not to have such happiness as mine—God grudges it, and makes us pay for it in tenfold times its worth of bitter pain—it is so precious. *You* can afford to forgive what I have done, since I shall atone for it so terribly."

And, with these words, she leaves him.

### CHAPTER XXII.

A day and a night flit rapidly away. It is evening again. Keith and Reine are alone once more in their parlor together. It is the evening of the night fixed upon by the brothers for their departure for New York. They are going on the night mail to Liverpool. There are two hours left to them. Two short, precious hours to be consecrated to last, loving words, to fond, clinging kisses, to last directions given with smiles and tears between the devoted wife and husband.

Stay! let us see how it is. Let us see if the picture is a faithful one!

Keith is sitting in Reine's chair, and Reine is kneeling on a footstool beside him. Keith's head leans lazily back against the cushions, and his eyes are fast shut. Time was, when, of many sweet, sad follies, he knew no sweeter one than that of sitting and gazing by hours into the depths of Reine's velvet eyes, led by their tender glamour to mystic worlds of romance and dreamy song. But all that is changed now.

"*Were* they so sweet, those days of old?"

Keith is half asleep, now, with his head against the cushions. In two hours more he will, in all likelihood, be started on a journey, whose ending will have put the width of the broad Atlantic between him and his wife. Meanwhile he sleeps comfortably.

The clock strikes. Keith hears it, and starts up. He yawns, and is about to say something, when a glance at Reine's face checks him.

Her face is very grave. There is a dusky fire in the depths of her wonderful eyes. Her lips are curved softly with a grieved tremor.

Some latent feeling of remorse stirs in Keith's heart, as he witnesses those silent tokens of grief in her subdued appearance, and he essays an effort to comfort her.

"Oh! about the letters, Reine. We have not settled that matter, have we? How many am I to expect from you, by each steamer? A pink epistle for each day, crossed and monogrammed—there's a word for you!—and sweetly scented? All the gossip of the season? eh, Reine?"

And he raises her dimpled chin with his long, slender finger.

"I shall, without doubt, answer all the letters you send back to me," she answers, unsmilingly.

"I?—my letters?" He is rather taken aback. "But that is quite another thing, you know."

Keith feels that he is treading on dangerous ground. A mine may spring beneath his feet at any moment. Therefore, scorning circumlocution, he precipitately changes the subject from sentimental affairs of the heart to the more prosaic one of eating.

"But what about supper, Reine? Did not the clock strike something near an hour ago?"

Reine walks to the window and looks out. The London lamps are almost suffocated in the yellow fog. The streets are well-nigh deserted. She leans her forehead against the cool glass, feeling inexpressibly sad and weary. There is a knock at the door.

"Hark!—who is that?" She raises her head, her cheeks kindling. "There is a knock. Who is coming at this hour?"

"That," indifferently, "most likely is Karl. I asked him to come to supper." Then, feeling a little frightened, as a sudden recollection of certain energetic directions given him by Reine that morning flashes upon his mind: "I asked him in, you know, thinking you might be rather lonely, and a little company would be good for you."

"And I remember telling you distinctly—*distinctly!*"—she puts her foot down—"*not* to ask any one in to-night. I told you plainly that I preferred to be alone in these few hours left to me of *your* society. I wanted no one present to share them—no one!"

She is very pale. Her delicate nostrils expand; tears and anger flash together in her dark eyes, as she turns them on her husband.

"Oh, well, I am sorry. It was to please you, I asked him, or, rather, for your good. I knew you would mope. But, if you don't like it, I'll tell him to go away. It is not too late yet."

"You need not," she answers, coldly.

She walks over to the mantel, and stands there, proudly silent, as Karl enters.

She is very beautiful, but there is an atmosphere of repressed excitement about her. With the quickness of lightning it flashes upon Karl that she does not want him here, and he wishes himself, heartily, a thousand miles away.

Keith gives him a warm greeting, thereby putting a little spirit in him.

"You have got a strong weakness for being on hand when wanted, I see. By-the-way, Karl, I should like to borrow a little of your punctuality and incorporate it into my business habits."

If Karl at that moment wishes he had been a little less punctual, Keith has no suspicion of it and goes easily on. Karl is saved the trouble of answering. The servant flings open the door and announces supper.

Reine is silent from choice, and Keith is indifferent. As for Karl he is supremely uncomfortable. Something in Reine's look troubles him, and fills him with vague uneasiness. He is vexed with Keith, who manifests his coldness so unguardedly, and he is vexed with himself for being so weak as to yield when his brother pressed him to come. He remembers another table to which he sat down, one night not long ago, under the starry skies of France. A dinner, where naught was served but coarse crusts of bread with draughts of milk, but where his host was an old man whose heart was full of the sweetness and beauty of life. He thinks that even a cup of tea with little Marie, before their hotel fire, would be infinitely preferable to this costly affair where no love is.

At last Keith speaks.

"Now as to the matter of Reine's going with me, why, my dear boy, nothing would induce her to cross the Atlantic with me on this wild goose chase; eh, Reine?"

She does not answer, does not lift her eyes.

"Did you say you cared to go?" pursues Keith, banteringly. "If you do, it's not too late yet."

Karl looks supremely puzzled. Reine lifts her head quickly, and a splendid flash of hope makes her face luminous.

"We were never separated before," she says, wistfully; "never, voluntarily. Why should we be now?"

"No! that's true! You have that one great merit, above all others, of sticking fast and close," he is apparently unconscious of the hideous brutality of his words. "I suppose it is counted a great merit by philanthropists to be constant, like the needle to the pole."

The tender light dies out of Reine's face; the cold, gray look, that has impressed Karl so unpleasantly, comes back to it.

"But then one gets used to separation after awhile, I suppose," Keith goes on, indolently. "It is like the first plunge in a cold bath, not so bad after the first chill; eh, Reine, is it?"

She is silent. She is patient, with a terrible patience as he thus plays fast and loose with her love and her despair. The rest are silent, too. They pick over their fruit, and drink their coffee. The clock ticks the swift moments off. One by one. One by one. How fast they go. They go, they are gone, they will never come back again, Reine! Never! this side of heaven.

Keith looks up, suddenly.

"Oh, by-the-way, there are those telegrams I was to have sent on. They ought to have a good day's start of us, and I forgot all about them. But it is not too late yet, if I make haste."

Karl catches Reine's eye. Something in her look, commanding, entreating, piteous altogether, moves him to decisive action. He rises at once from his chair.

"Give them to me and I will take them out. No—I have an errand into the street, and can do them all at once. There is ample time."

He goes out and leaves them there together—the restless wife, the indifferent husband. He delays purposely in order to give Reine the full benefit of those few poor, fleeting moments. He guesses well how fatally precious they are to her, and so he tramps up and down the walk in the cold London fog. He stretches time to the utmost, and not until his watch assures him he has given the very latest second that can be spared, does he retrace his steps to the dining-room.

They are sitting very much as he left them. Keith is lying back on his chair, with his eyes shut. Is he sleeping? The light from above shines full upon his face. It is very handsome, very untroubled in repose, but there is a certain look of weariness upon it that strikes Karl unpleasantly. Reine is by the table; a glass of wine, as yet untasted, stands by her plate. Her moody face is dropped upon her hand.

"Time is up!" Karl says, speaking with as much animation as is possible under such depressing circumstances. "And I am afraid I shall have to hurry you, Keith. There is positively not a moment to spare."

Keith opens his eyes. He lifts his long length leisurely from his chair. He gives himself a slight shake, as he looks around.

"Going, are we? By George! I am afraid I was brute enough to sleep, too, and leave you to draw that long face all alone."

He walks up to Reine, and puts an arm with unusual tenderness about her shoulder. She stirs and shivers slightly under his touch.

"Do you know, now that it comes to the pinch, I believe I had a great sight rather be sitting here with you in this pleasant room, instead of being locked into a beastly railway carriage, from which every breath of fresh air will be religiously shut out."

He stoops and lightly kisses her lips. Karl is glad to see it. Forever after, when he thinks of Reine Henderson, he is glad to remember that one impulsive kiss which Keith presses upon her lips ere he leaves her on that fatal night.

He walks about, leisurely. Gets his hat and gloves, throws a brilliant carriage robe carelessly across his arm.

"All right, Karl," he says. "All ready, now?"

Reine takes up the glass of wine by her plate, and drinks it. She drains it to the bottom. Not a drop is left. Karl feels his blood turning to ice as he watches her. He glances apprehensively at Keith. Keith does not heed him. He walks up to Reine and brushes her lips lightly with his last kiss.

"Good-bye," he says, with careless kindness. He feels no pang at parting. "Keep up good spirits. I shall be sure to write soon."

And so he turns, and walks toward the door.

Reine stands up, white and wistful, looking after him. Karl turns his eyes away from that tortured face. He cannot bear to see it.

"For God's sake, don't look like that, Reine!" he says, as he takes her hand.

She does not heed him. She is watching Keith. If he will only turn and look back at her once—once, before he goes. He opens the door, goes out and shuts it after him. Good-bye, Reine! he is gone now.

"Don't look like that, Reine. I can't bear to see you." Karl's voice falters and fails him here.

Still she is silent. He says good-bye, and hurries after his brother. But before he goes out, he turns and looks back at her. She is still standing, with those wide, wild eyes fixed on the door—the door by which Keith has passed away, out of her sight, forever. And he did not once look back at her—not once!

She is alone. A horrible gray pallor settles down upon her face. Her lips work, she flings out her arms, and falls heavily forward on the floor. Her fingers work convulsively in the long locks of her loosened hair, and then all is still.

Good-bye, Reine!—you feel no need of tears, nor kisses now. Good-bye! good-bye! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY MAN, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

IN most quarrels there are faults on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark which is produced with a flint and steel; if either of them were struck on wood forever, no fire would follow.

### THE WANT OF SYMPATHY.

BY SUSANNA J.

We walk among our kind
With veiled hearts and eyes:
Wilfully blind, we fail to find
The good that near us lies.

Youth's aspirations die,
That sordid aims may live;
We lose for lack of sympathy
The best that Life can give.

Thus many a good intent
Falls fruitless to the ground,
Because, though much of good we meant,
Too little help we found.

Oh, that our hearts with sacred fire
Glowed warmly as they should—
Beat only with the high desire
To do each other good!

### THE ART OF ILLUMINATING.

BY S. W. M.

In the Middle Ages, when armored knights were disputing each other's rights, and fair ladies were kept imprisoned in castle towers working with industrious fingers at lace and tapestry, the excellency of which causes us of the nineteenth century to marvel, many a pious monk, immured in his dismal cell, wrought with the alembic, and made discoveries which have set their mark on the world's history; or surveyed the heavens, and thus laid the foundation of modern astronomy; or with patient care made copies of Holy Writ, or favorite prayers and anthems, and, not content with the simple copy, embellished with gems of art the pages of the manuscript.

It is not certain at what date the art of illuminating commenced, but it claimed a decided style in the sixth century, and continued to improve in workmanship and design until the sixteenth century, when it began to die out, more especially in England, where the monasteries were so generally dismantled.

During the ten centuries in which this art has flourished, marked changes may be observed in it as time has passed on. Thus, in some of our early specimens of the sixth century we have very bold and fanciful designs, but all the colors are put in flat, there is no shading, no relief, all is marked by care and precision, with a well-defined border to each color, but not an attempt at natural effect or perspective.

Later on we get border shading, tints blending with good effect. Then leaves are given naturally and shaded, fruit and flowers are introduced, gold and silver take their proper place, while animals and miniatures of saints, or scenes in which they are the actors, become frequent embellishments.

This really exquisite art has but recently been revived among us, thanks to the labors of certain antiquarians; and its revival should be attended with greater results than formerly—for are not the means whereby processes may be worked ample and readily attainable? The monk at work on his missal had to make and grind his colors, and cope with difficulties which are not dreamt of now, for the artist now-a-days can get ready to hand any article he requires.

"What are the requisites for a good illuminator?" is a question that will arise in the minds of some of our readers. First, patience; and, secondly, a power to design—for, though designs of an excellent kind may be bought, yet art requires the artist to have originality in his ideas.

Let us concern ourselves with the design. This may be drawn with its accessories according to the subject it subserves, always endeavoring to make every part distinct and clear. When finished, it may be traced on transparent oiled paper, and transferred to the material to be illuminated. The transfer is made by placing beneath the tracing copy a sheet of paper that has been well black-leaded on the under surface; then, by means of an ivory point, the outline should be gently gone over, when it will be found that a slight mark has been left on the clean paper below. The whole should first be carefully pinned to the board to prevent it from moving after the tracing has commenced; and tracing papers should be preserved, as they may be useful again, if not as a whole, at least in part.

When the design is complete, whether from your own labor or by purchase of the printed article, then comes the consideration of coloring. Your colors, which should depend as much as possible on natural surroundings, must be laid on by the "washing in" process, so that the whole space covered by one color shall be evenly tinted. Always finish one color before beginning another; shade with pure color; for light mix white with the pigment. Water-colors are of course always used. The best range of colors for general use is as follows: Gamboge, cadmium yellow, vermilion, crimson lake, French blue, emerald green, Vandyke brown, lampblack, Chinese white.

It is necessary, after the coloring is finished, to outline the tints with either black or white paint to heighten them; for this work a drawing pen is used—it is filled with ink or color, and first tried on scrap paper. When the line is of the right thickness, the ruling may commence. One of the most difficult portions of the illuminating art is to put on the gold and silver effectively; fine gold bronze powder, mixed with gum-water, is a good substitute for gold, but it does not retain its brilliancy. Pure gold in shells may be obtained and applied by means of a brush, as a color would be. This, however, is an expensive method if a large surface has to be gilt, and is superseded by ordinary gilding with leaf gold; water-size is brushed over the surface to be decorated, and allowed to dry, a leaf of gold is then blown on to a wide hair-brush, and applied to the sized surface and pressed down with leather.

If gilding is to be burnished, let it be done before other coloring. To burnish it is necessary to rub briskly and evenly the gilt surface with an agate burnisher; a calf's incisor tooth stuck in a handle makes a good burnisher.

To produce a mat gold the burnishing must be done over a piece of glazed writing paper.

The depressions and tuberosities on gold work are variously produced; elevations are made by applying portions of a special cement which dries and is then gilded, depressions are made by ruling and pressure.

Silver so soon tarnishes that it is better to use aluminium.

The modern uses to which illuminating may be put are many.

IT IS EASY in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is also easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

### PAGANINI.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Somewhere about thirty-five years ago the entire musical world was startled by news from Italy that a perfect prodigy of musical genius, in the shape of a performer on the violin, had, meteor-like, appeared on the harmonic horizon. The wildest and most wonderful stories were related of the new *maestro*, and not a few credulous people believed that he was indeed gifted with supernatural powers. One foreign journal published what purported to be an authentic history of the life and marvellous adventures of Signor Nicolo Paganini (for such was the name of the mysterious performer), in which article it was gravely stated that he had given his soul to the Evil One, in exchange for the musical power which he possessed over his instrument. Another story ran that Paganini was in reality an Italian nobleman who, for political reasons, had been for many years immured in a Neapolitan dungeon; and, a fiddle being his sole companion during that long dreary time, he had, from incessant practice, acquired such a mastery over the instrument as to eclipse all who had ever before performed upon it.

On the evening fixed for Paganini's first appearance in London, I took care to be present. Of course, the place was densely crowded, all the musical *dilettanti* of the metropolis being there.

Man he scarcely seemed to be, at the first glimpse of him, as he emerged from the wings. So spectral, gaunt, and unnatural was his appearance, that those who looked at him almost shuddered, and some sensitive ladies actually gave utterance to little shrieks of apprehension, as if some ghostly visitor was gliding on the stage before them.

He came on sideways, his left hand holding his violin—his right the bow—an old black-looking instrument and a bow of unusual length. Paganini's face was quite in character with the stories that had been told of him. It was deadly pale—a paleness rendered all the more striking by the intensely black, snaky-looking eyes. Long raven hair, parted on the rather low forehead, streamed over his shoulders in lustrous coils, like shining, sable serpents; the nose was large and prominent; the eyebrows black, bushy and but little arched, with two deep vertical grooves between them. High were the cheek-bones, and sunken the cadaverous cheeks; but the mouth was the chief expressive feature. I find it difficult to describe it in words; but, reader, if you refer to Retsch's outlines of Goethe's "Faust," you will see in some of the delineations of *Mephistopheles* exactly such a sneering mouth as Paganini had. As the eyes glittered, and sardonic smiles lurked around the angles of that mouth, I fancied a dagger in his hand would have been much more in character than a harmless fiddle-bow.

He glided, bowing, to the centre of the stage, and then drew himself up to his full height—some six feet, at the least. For a moment the house was hushed into utter silence, as he stood, as it were, in deep thought; then, suddenly he threw back his head, shook aside the long black locks, planted his right foot slightly and firmly in advance, and slowly, slowly placed his violin in position, surveying it for an instant as if he were holding intercourse with some spirit of music in its interior. Then were to be seen his long, extremely long, bony fingers, by means of which he could produce such wonderfully fine effects. Next he lifted his bow, holding it for a minute at arm's length over his head, affording an excellent opportunity of seeing his long, gaunt figure, which was of almost skeleton-like spareness, and of the same breadth at the shoulders, hips and ankles. He was dressed in black, and with the exception of a large turned-down collar, there was nothing white about him but his face and hands.

For a moment he stood. Presently, with an almost imperceptible motion, the bow descended, and

"a sound
So fine that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence,"

was heard. It was the most delicate and fairy-like music. Gradually it increased and swelled into a volume of such melody as I never imagined could be elicited from wood, horsehair, and catgut. The audience was enraptured; it was not, *could* not be fiddling; some demon appeared to be playing upon a magic instrument. The musicians in the orchestra forgot to be critical for once, and bent forward, open-mouthed, gazing at the miraculous performer, who, after every grand flourish, smiled diabolically, lowered his violin, and bowed proudly.

"The Carnival of Venice," one of his own compositions, was played after some short interval, filled up by the "make-weights." In the course of the piece he introduced passages that were irresistibly comic, then suddenly he would bring out passages of such exquisite pathos that tears would almost succeed to smiles. Presently followed a *sonata* on one string, the fourth, on which he discoursed most eloquent music, and seemingly from *two* violins; and then bowing and smiling, or sneering, one scarcely knew which, he glided off the stage, leaving the audience spell-bound, and staring at each other as if they had just seen and listened to some supernatural being.

### WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE?

Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear, on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest, that Antony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakspeare's plays. Lear said, "You may take it As you Like It, but I don't believe it, for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labor was lost when Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for forty bottles of old Bourbon and a package of poker checks. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft; and, after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it." Richard III (a competent critic) said Bacon could not write even a Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII says that settles it. So, why make so Much Ado About Nothing? Othello was busy dealing a five-cent game of faro to the IV, V and VI Henrys; and the only remark made by them was an occasional "Prindle, don't turn! hold on!" and a few other forcible remarks of a cursory nature; and, as Richard II was absent Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakspeare. But all's Well that Ends Well. Don't it?

WHEN men are long indifferent towards us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

### NEVER TOO LATE.

"It is *never* too late!" Such should be the brave watchword of every true soldier in the battle of life.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success—
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

The world around us is full of examples of what may be accomplished by energetic men advanced in years, acting on the invigorating motto, "Never too late." Aged men who have taken to tree-planting have lived to see forests of which they sowed the seed, or set out the tender saplings, flourish in majesty around them; middle-aged men without an education have set themselves to study and become accomplished scholars; literary reputations have been conquered at a very late period in life. The very best novels ever written—"Don Quixote," for example—have been written by men well advanced in the pathway to the grave.

Of course these late achievements and successes are not to be won by fast livers—who have been prodigal of the energies of life in its outset—who have worn themselves down in the pursuit of gold or pleasure in the first few years of existence. Such must be content to drift down the tide toward the ocean of eternity, shattered waifs and wrecks. But to those who have not wasted the golden gifts of life—to those who in the winter of their days rejoice in a perpetual summer of heart—to such there is no significance in the words "too late." Each day witnesses some new exertion of mind—some fresh expansion of heart—bringing back their rich stores like bread cast upon the waters. To such men ennobling and elevating pursuits have their charms even to the very latest day and hour of existence, and they repose at last—

"With cross and garland over their green turf,
And their grandchildren's praise for epitaph."

### RUSSIAN CONTRASTS.

All changes are sudden and complete in Russia. Summer goes in a day and winter comes. One may cross a river in a boat at night, and walk back on the ice in the morning. Doors and windows stand wide open in summer for a breath of cool air; but in winter the cool air is barred out with double windows, triple doors, and heated stoves. So in regard to clothing; thin linen summer habiliments are thrown aside in a day, and the reign of furs begins. Wheels are upon all carriages of every sort one day, snow comes during the night, and wheels all vanish; in the morning nothing is seen but sledges. The transitions from class to class are of the same character. One class is of gentlemen and barons; the next step is to moushicks, peasant-serfs, who live on black bread and salt, seasoned with sour cabbage and garlic, and are covered with a dirty sheepskin, instead of being clothed in ermine, sables, and fine linen. Cronstadt is reached from St. Petersburg by steamers in one week; in the next the traveler runs over the same water with three horses before him. The people will leave a hot bath, and plunge into a hole made in the ice; they will leave a room, heated to seventy or eighty degrees, and follow a funeral for six miles with no covering on their heads, in a frost twenty-five degrees below zero; they will fast seven weeks on cabbage and garlic, and then guzzle themselves in a few hours into the hospital, take the cholera, and die. Diseases are generally swift and fatal—to-day well, to-morrow dead.

## RECEIPTS
### GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO REMOVE FLY SPOTS.—Dip a camel's hair brush into spirits of wine, and apply it to remove fly spots.

COMMON SALT blown into the nostrils of horses is said by horse raisers to be a good remedy for colic, or any derangement of the bowels.

CORN MEAL, heated and placed in bags, is recommended as a substitute for hot-water bottles, and such-like appliances for restoring warmth to the sick. It is said to weigh less, retain heat longer, and does not chill when cold.

FOR FURNITURE POLISH.—Make a mixture of three parts of linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its original color, and leaves a lustre upon the surface. Put on with a woolen cloth, and rub with woolen.

A GOOD WAY TO BLEACH LACES.—Soak in soapsuds over night, then turn boiling water over them, and let them lie in it until cool. Squeeze out the water, and put them in very strong blue water. At night put them on the grass in the dew. If not white enough repeat the process.

MANY HOUSEKEEPERS banish palatable and nutritious dishes from the cuisine because of the unpleasant odors arising therefrom during the process of cooking. This objection may be overcome by putting a small piece of red pepper, the size of a wafer, into the meat or vegetables when they first begin to boil.

TOO MUCH CAMPHOR.—The *Scientific American* cautions people against the too frequent use of camphor as a medicine. It says the nature of camphor is that of a nervous stimulant, similar to opium or alcohol, and when taken in large doses, causes irritation of the nervous system, and produces convulsions, often fatal in their effects.

TO WHITEN DISCOLORED PEARLS.—Soak them in hot water, in which some bran with a little tartar or alum have been boiled; rub them gently between the hands, which may be continued until the water grows cold, or until the object is effected, when they may be rinsed in lukewarm water, and laid on writing paper in a dark place to cool.

TO CURE INGROWING TOE NAILS.—Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it until it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. The effect is magical. Pain and tenderness is relieved at once, and in a few days granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of all feeling, the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.

TO MAKE HAIR CURL.—The method employed by professional workers in hair is as follows: Wet the hair to be curled, wrap it smoothly around a cylindrical stick or tube of proper size, tie it in place, and then put it in water and boil it two or three hours, remove it from the boiler, wrap it carefully in newspapers and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour. Thus treated, it will stay in curl permanently.

## News of Interest

THE present year began and will end on Friday.

MESSRS. Hodge and Podge are both members of the legislature of a Western State.

EGYPT now exports about 350,000,000 pounds of cotton seed annually.

ALARMING news comes from Salem, Oregon, where a debating society has "Resolved, That the public press of the United States is a public nuisance, and ought to be abated."

THE Imperial dogs and cats, which are kept for the purpose of destroying rats and mice in the Imperial stalls and stores in the German Empire, are fed at an expense of twelve thousand five hundred thalers a year.

Two superb ball dresses, valued at eight hundred dollars each, were recently seized on board a steamer from Europe, by the New York custom house officers. In the folds of the dresses were three dozen pairs of kid gloves.

FANS have become an article of considerable export from Japan. A Japanese paper states that one maker alone has completed an order for eighty thousand, and twenty-five thousand pieces of santome for a single American house.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy, who had traveled alone from Wyoming Territory, recently, arrived at New York, and waited for five days at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, in Jersey City, for his mother, who was to have come on from Washington to meet him. The railroad officials finally gave the boy a pass to Washington.

THOMAS COTTRELL CLARK, ESQ., died recently in the city of Camden, N. J. Deceased was born at Newport, Rhode Island, January 11, 1801, and located in Philadelphia in the year 1820, and from that time, until within ten years, was actively identified with the press of this city, having been the original editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. For half a century or more Mr. Clark was well known and highly respected in the literary and editorial circles of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He numbered among his close and personal friends some of the most prominent men of letters of the last fifty years.

CHRISTMAS PIE has succeeded Christmas tree. The pie is a jolly English custom, and very amusing when there is a large company of intimate friends. It is made of sawdust, stuffed with gifts and favors for the German that is to follow, and baked in an enormous wooden tub, decorated with holly berries, gold foil, and gay pictures. It stands in the centre of the drawing-room on a piece of canvas to protect the carpet, and each guest is allowed to take three spoonfuls. If he gets a present with his name on it, there is a shout of applause; but if he fishes out some one else's, back it has to go, and the pie is stirred up again, and that person takes his or her turn.

THE FEMALE SPIDERS.—Only the female spiders spin webs. They own all the real estate, and the males have to live a vagabond life under stones and in other obscure hiding-places. If they come about the house so often as to bore the ruling sex, they are mercilessly killed and eaten. The spider's skin is as unyielding as the shells of lobsters and crabs, and is shed from time to time in the same way to accommodate the animal's growth. If you poke over the rubbish in a female spider's back-yard, among her cast-off corsets you will find the jackets of the males who have paid for their sociality with their lives—trophies of her barbarism as truly as scalps show the savage nature of the red man.

IT is well known that the English are wonderfully ignorant of American geography, but it is not often that they confess it. Lord Roseberg, in a recent speech in London, said that "he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Cicero's villa, but if any one asked him where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice." This remark recalls a similar remark of Mr. Cobden. "These men," said Cobden, speaking of English ambassadors, and of the necessity of turning them into commercial travelers—"these men know where the Ilissus is; but they know nothing of the Mississippi." (It was twenty years ago.) "Yet the Mississippi could float all the navies of Europe upon its bosom, and it took me half a day to find Ilissus when I was in Athens, and then I only found the bed of the river. Half a dozen washerwomen had dammed up the Ilissus to wash their clothes."

CHINAMEN'S BONES.—The unloading of an oblong pine box, curiously adorned with Chinese hieroglyphics, from the western bound train at Sacramento, recently, excited no little curiosity, the gratification of which brought out the fact that the contents were nothing more nor less than the remains of deceased Chinamen, promiscuously thrown together and boxed up for reshipment to the Flowery Kingdom. This lot was from Corinne, Utah, and consigned to Ah Ching, Sacramento. When a sufficient number of these boxes, well filled, are gathered here to make a respectable invoice, they are forwarded to the proper agent in San Francisco, and thence to their destination. It is said to be one of the most sacred obligations of companies who import coolies, to return them, dead or alive, to their native land; and it is curious to note with what zeal the remains are brought out, even to the most remote localities where they are known to have died.

MATRIMONY in Michigan seems to resemble the exhilarating game of puss-in-the-corner. A susceptible gentleman in that State having found an affinity elsewhere than in the existing partner of his joys and sorrows, and being conditionally accepted by the new object of his adoration, at once instituted proceedings for a divorce; but, brief as is the form for that purpose in Michigan, his second intended was in too great a hurry to wait, and married another suitor on the very day that his former bonds were sundered. Thus forestalled in his proposed change of seats, he naturally tried to run back to the corner he had just left, and hastened home with the view of re-wedding his original spouse; but during his absence an alert competitor had stepped in, and she, too, was provided with another husband. So now this doubly disappointed player is, metaphorically speaking, standing in the middle of the community watching for some neighbor to leave his wife unmarried for a few minutes.

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Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
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THE GREAT STORY,

ENTITLED

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia!

By the Eminent American Author,

EMERSON BENNETT,

commenced in this number.

It is a native Story, in which the scene is laid in the city of Philadelphia, and the incidents detailed with that truthfulness of description which constitutes the great charm of the author's graphic and masterly style.

In writing this story, Mr. Bennett himself says that his intention was "to write a Novel which might please the general reader, and at the same time call the attention of the benevolent and sympathetic to the awful miseries and vices which exist in every great city. Of the characters, I need only say, they have their counterparts in real life."

This evidences a higher purpose than that of merely writing a thrilling tale, and he has labored to relieve and lighten the darker shades of a dark picture, without destroying the power of impressing the mind with the truth of a more terrible reality.

## STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

### No. 18.—EXEUNT MACPHERSONS.

A partiality for a residence in a "highly respectable locality" was Mrs. Macpherson's weakness. With increasing wealth, the level of her nose rose far above the humble associations of our street. Mr. Macpherson was a brute, she said, to imprison her in such a neighborhood, but Mr. M. only laughed a little, and reminded her of last year's junketings.

When a matron of years and experience has determined to have her own way in such a matter, she generally succeeds, after a little strategy. Mrs. Macpherson was no exception to the rule.

That she wouldn't remain in —— street another year, was her final resolve. No matter how handy it might be to Mr. Macpherson's business—poor man, he was demented to think of such a thing. Let the business go to the winds.

Mr. M. reminded her that if it had taken that course several years before, they might possibly have lived in a larger house—the almshouse.

No matter, it was time for her to assert her respectability. Mr. M. might do as he pleased. She had, thank goodness, a private purse, and she would have a genteel establishment of her own, rather than suffer the annoyances she suffered. She believed that the cruelty of Mr. M. was sufficient to obtain for her a decree of divorce. He should no longer trample her beneath his feet. What did she care for panics and crisises, and such things? Hadn't they money enough? Mr. M. was requested to answer her that. If they had they had, and if they hadn't, more shame for Mr. M. to have invested his capital so foolishly.

Nor was this all. She became sick and refused every consolation. The physician recommended change of air and scene, and her nurses were bribed to aver that —— street was unhealthy. Few men could preserve their indifference under such circumstances. Mr. M. was not one of them. He thought it strange that the district which was once considered to occupy an elevated position, should have sunken to a mere valley; that the once bracing atmosphere should be damp and chilly, or that the foundations of sand and lime should have become mere clay. Yet it was so, and the buxom Mrs. M. declared that if she lived there through the winter, he might carry her to the grave in the early spring.

When at last Mr. Macpherson consented to seek an eligible residence, his gentle spouse recovered sufficiently to assist in the wearying search. At last everything was fixed for their removal. What a day that was! Mr. M had a sort of affection for the place, and he groaned aloud as each cherished household idol was carried to the sacrilegious van; besides he had that morning counted the cost of the new carpetings and such like (he hated new things, Mrs. M. was so particular—one spot of grease would cause her a month's anxiety—he would have no peace, he knew, until the novelty had passed away,) and the sum total exceeded his imagination.

Mrs. M., cross and irritable, superintended the removal, rating every one for carelessness, and hoping that when she moved again it might be to her last resting place. She grew warm with excitement, and red with condensed anger.

"William, John, Mary, do you hear me!" she shouted. "There goes half my best china! What have you done with my aunt's picture? I declare if it isn't wedged in between the piano and that bureau! What are you thinking of? The canary will be smothered. Look at that box of plate within everyone's reach, I declare." And so on ad libitum.

Even a removal must have an ending, and the last package was ultimately stowed away. Then the procession commenced, for Mrs. M. would not permit one of the carts (and there were several) to start until she was quite ready to direct in person the proper speed consistent with the safety of her wares. Quite sufficient had been broken already, she declared, and none of her property should be left to the mercy of those careless drivers. She would walk the whole distance, and——

"But how undignified," said Mr. M.

At length she consented that one of the servants should accompany each wagon, and be personally responsible for the safety of her property. Then she and Mr. M. followed at a safe distance.

The house was closed up, and we were rid of the Macphersons.

But if I may be permitted to follow them to their new residence, we shall see that their troubles were not yet over. A pile of broken china decorates the sidewalk, and Mrs. M., like Niobe, all tears, stood over it undecided whether a torrent of virtuous indignation or hysterical lamentations were most becoming under the circumstances.

When at last she was induced to enter, it was to find everything in a state of chaos most alarming. The flues refused to carry the smoke from fires which had been built to air the place. The new lace curtains were ruined utterly. Choking with indignation, and with smoke, she lamented the fate which had induced Mr. M. to rent "that hole," and vowed that she would not live there, come what might.

Fearing, however, that her treasures would receive further injury, she once more roused herself to action. To her horror she discovered that the room she had silently fixed upon for her own private use, was appropriated by her husband for his study, and that the anteroom intended by the sagacious lady for her maid-servant, was already littered with boxes of cigars and other masculine appendages.

"You knew that my heart was fixed upon this room, Mr. M.," said she.

"Is it," returned her husband, quietly. "Pray tell me to what portion of the room it is attached, that I may protect it carefully from injury."

The quiet sarcasm of this remark was lost upon the lady. She knew that her husband was immovable, and that no entreaty of hers would induce him to vacate the premises. Making a virtue of necessity, therefore, she left him to attend to the disposal of his cherished cigars, and, finding rooms to suit her, ordered her baggage thither.

Then, to her came Mr. M. with a mental flag of truce and overtures for peace. An exchange of territory was definitely settled, and, smiling once more, the lady even found it in her heart to forgive the breakage of the china in the street.

The rooms, however, were damp and uncomfortable; long before evening the lady wished herself in —— street once more. Her husband wandered about the house as if nothing belonged to him, feeling like a trespasser upon his own domain. It was weeks before they were at all reconciled to the change. Mrs. M. became seriously sick from over exertion. Mr. M. sought refuge at his club. The servants complained of additional labor. Everything went wrong.

Meantime the house they had vacated, having that rusty, melancholy look which all empty houses have, attracted the attention of a lady of mature years and firm, unbending aspect. She was graciously pleased to express her satisfaction to the young man from the house agent who showed her all the advantages and conveniences the house possessed, hiding as carefully all its weak points and studying at the same time the possibility of her paying an increased rental.

After many visits, and considerable affected hesitation, Mrs. Rachel Evergreen consented to become tenant for a term of years. Mrs. Evergreen was a widow, a lady of very small means, but she had highly respectable connections.

Mrs. Evergreen had not tenanted the house many days ere she discovered that it was much too large for the requirements of her family. After mature deliberation, she determined to take "a few boarders." How she succeeded in her enterprise, I may relate at some future time.

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It is a delight to have gifts made to you by those whom you esteem and love, because then such gifts are merely to be considered as fringes to the garment—as inconsiderable additions to the mighty treasure of their affections, adding a grace, but no additional value, to what before was precious, and proceeding as naturally out of that as leaves burgeon out upon the trees; but you feel it to be different when there is no regard for the giver to idealize the gift—when it simply takes its stand among your property as so much money's value.

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Thinking and Doing Right.—It is much easier to think aright without doing right than to do right without thinking aright. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds always beget just thoughts. For, when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment; but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one.

## CHANGED.

BY W. GLENDINNING.

I give thee back thy plighted troth,
And these, thy gifts in happier hours—
This dainty ring, this tress of gold,
And these dear, broken, faded flowers.
And but a memory now shall be
Thy murmured vow, thy soft, pure kiss—
All, all that made the dear old days
And tender, golden dream of bliss.

I do not ask thee why thou'rt changed
From those bright days of gladsome yore;
I only know thy love's grown cold—
I only know my dream is o'er.
Thou'rt free—but, ah, 'tis hard to crush
The one fond hope that made life sweet!
Good-bye—and, if we meet again,
Oh, let it be as strangers meet!

## A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY G. DE B.

"Good-bye, auntie."

"Good-bye, Rettie; let us hear from you directly."

"Oh, yes; you shall hear from me. Good-bye again."

The carriage door closed with a snap, and a saucy, pretty face leaned out of the window with a bright smile and waved adieu, and then Aunt Harriet sat down, for the first time that morning, and gave a sigh.

"I've done my duty," said she to herself, wiping away the tears that coursed down her cheeks, "but it has been a hard one. I don't believe in boarding-schools—never did—but when I promised brother Joseph I'd do my duty by his child during his absence—and everybody said this was my duty—of course, I did it. Rettie was getting beyond my management. She knew very well that she could coax me into letting her do anything under the sun—and then, too, when Mrs. Parsons and everybody else was talking about my lack of discipline, and Rettie's lack of education, what else was there for me to do, but send her away somewhere where she could get both at once? It breaks my heart to see her go, and it hurts me to see her go so willingly and happy. I thought she would have felt sorry to leave her home and me. She didn't seem to care an atom, but laughed up to the last minute."

And Aunt Harriet wiped away a fresh supply of tears, as the recollection of the joyous, saucy face at the carriage window rose before her.

But in that same carriage there was an indignant protest going on as well.

"To think that auntie should send me off to boarding-school, after all." And the smiling face was all frowns now. "I never would have believed it possible she could part with me—so coolly, too—she did'nt seem to care a mite. I—I—just *hate* that old, fussy Mrs. Parsons, for putting it into auntie's head that I did'nt know anything, and needed 'discipline,' and such stuff. I'll be even with that old cat! I'll show her kittens can scratch! I'll prove I *do* know something!"

And the full, red lips made a very pretty seal to this affirmation, settling themselves into a decided dot of scarlet at its close.

When on its road to the depot, the carriage stopped at Mrs. Parsons' door for the daughter and trunk which was to go away to school with Rettie.

A very cool, self-possessed young lady was the occupant of the vehicle, and Mrs. Parsons, as she stepped inside to accompany the two girls to the station, was surprised to find Rettie so calm.

"I am glad to see you go so cheerfully, my dear," said she. "From what your aunt said I feared you would be rebellious—but it is all for your good that you are sent from home. Your aunt is doing her duty in putting you at a school where you will receive the best of education, and the best of discipline. It is a step in your life from which you will hereafter date all your progress in the road that leads upward to knowledge and culture. It is ——"

"'A Leap for Life,'" interrupted Rettie just here, reading the words on some posters that flamed out in blue and scarlet on the fences and corners they were passing on their way to the depot.

"I'd rather go to the circus than to school," said she, in a reckless, defiant sort of tone.

"My dear child!" cried Mrs. Parsons, aghast at this bold declaration, "you shock me. Pray do not give utterance to so low and vile a taste. Circuses are abominations. I have never allowed Nellie to attend one. No one who pretends to be ladylike or refined ever mentions them."

"Oh, it is only those who *pretend* to be ladylike and refined who do not mention circuses! Then I suppose *real* ladies *do* like them! I do, at any rate, I am sure—and papa always took me when he was home. I *love* circuses."

And Rettie put a great deal of enthusiasm in her tone.

Mrs. Parsons was very glad that their arrival at the depot put an end to the discussion, as she did not desire that her Nellie should be initiated into the beauties of circuses through the rhapsodies of Rettie Reynolds.

As she put the girls in charge of their teacher, who met and was to accompany them to the school, some twenty miles distant, she again repeated her admonitions to both, to "strive to be contented and happy, and to return home at the end of the term well disciplined and improved in manners and minds."

"Yes ma'am," answered Rettie, very demurely, to the little lecture.

"Remember, Rettie, I shall expect to hear something from you."

"Oh, you *shall*, Mrs. Parsons; I'll astonish you."

And Rettie looked very determined as she spoke.

"Did you *want* to go off to school, Nellie?" asked Rettie of her companion, after the train moved on its way, and the girls were alone.

"Oh, I'd just as lieve go as stay at home; and mamma said it was for my good—and I suppose mamma knows."

"Pshaw! I didn't want to go—and, see here, Nellie Parsons, I don't mean to stay, either!"

And the whisper was quite terrible in which the sentence was given.

"What do you mean? Will you run away?"

"I'll do *something!* I shan't stay!—you see if I do!"

Aunt Harriet waited anxiously for a letter from her niece, but days and weeks passed, and no word from her.

Mrs. Parsons heard regularly from Nellie, but, as the girls were in different classes, she did not mention Nettie very often, save that she saw her every day.

Aunt Harriet found the old home very lonely. She quite missed the noise and disorder that used to annoy her so when Rettie was around, and she would have liked very much to walk into her room and see a little bronze slipper on the bureau, or a pair of gloves tossed on the bed, if she could have seen the brown curls, heard the little feet, and felt the soft hands that accompanied them. It was terribly lonely without Rettie, and she wished she had not let Mrs. Parsons persuade her into sending Rettie off to school.

"I know she'll get sick, or hurt, or something! I never did believe in boarding-schools!"

She would always finish up her reveries with the same refrain.

She heard from her at last, however. It was the morning she had decided she would take a trip up to B——, and see for herself why Rettie didn't write—if she was starved sick, or what the reason of her silence could be.

It was a very large letter she received, and its contents staggered her. This was the epistle. In large red and blue letters at the top—

THE CIRCUS OF ALL NATIONS, TRAINED ANIMALS, AND PANTOMIME EXHIBITIONS!

Dear Auntie: You will see by this that I have broken loose from the rigid discipline to which you condemned me when you listened to that hateful Mrs. Parsons and sent me off to boarding-school. I could not bear the place I told you I should be no better for your sending me away from you, and you will think I have kept my word. Since a child it has been the desire of my heart to wear spangles, and ride a horse round the ring. I did not dream, however, that I should ever realize my hopes, but, thanks to Mrs. Parsons, to whom I owe my having been driven here, I am at last in my true element—a circus queen! I am sorry I could not have seen you, to tell you how I love you, and regret parting with you forever. But, if you had cared for me, you would never have sent me away! I am getting along in my new profession very well! Of course, I cannot do much yet, but Mr. Barnum says I will, in time. I shall be in training until spring; then, under the assumed name of "Mademoiselle Zelani," I make my *debut* on the trapeze in "A Leap for Life!" (like the pictures on the posters, you know). Nellie Parsons will take the name of "Luiette," and "do" the tight-rope business. Please tell Mrs. Parsons we like it better than school, and that I will send her complimentary tickets on our first night. I must close now, and go with Nellie to practice in tights!

Affectionately, your niece,
"Mademoiselle Zelani."

Oh, this was a terrible thing. What should she do? Poor Aunt Harriet was almost driven to desperation. Should she telegraph at once to Joseph that his child was a mountebank? Should she put the detectives on their track, and arrest Mr. Barnum? Oh, what should she do! It was a terrible thing. Her little Rettie run off with a circus company!

Ordering the carriage at once, then, she drove directly to Mrs. Parsons', and, producing Rettie's letter, she startled her with its contents.

"And to think," exclaimed Mrs. Parson, "that she declared that day that she loved circuses! Oh, that I had preached a sermon to her there, that she should not have forgotten so soon!"

"But what shall we do?" cried Aunt Harriet, wringing her hands. "Oh, why did I send her away from me at all! I never did believe in boarding-schools—and I never shall!"

"It is circuses, not boarding-schools, that have been the cause of her ruin," retorted Mrs. Parsons. "But we have no time to lose. We will start directly for B——, and discover when they ran away. We can then proceed to track them."

The express train for B—— that day held two passengers whose hearts outran their footsteps.

"Shall we never get there!" thought Aunt Harriet, as station after station was passed, and B—— seemed still so far away.

When, at last, the town was reached, and they walked up the village street leading to the school, and beheld on every fence and wall great flaming posters of "The Circus of all Nations," and read the date—a few days back—they looked at one another, and knew when it was that their two runaways had left.

In solemn silence they walked up the steps of the old seminary, and, asking for Professor Rhodes, said:

"Tell the gentleman two ladies on business of grave importance wish to speak with him at once."

When Professor Rhodes entered the reception-room, in his dignified, ministerial manner, he found himself beset by two wild-eyed, weeping women.

"How long have they been gone? When did they go?" cried both women at once, seizing the professor by the hand.

"Ladies, pray who are you inquiring for?" asked the astonished professor, imagining his seminary had been mistaken for a lunatic asylum.

"My niece." "My daughter, sir." In eager tones.

"What are their names? I do not know for whom you ask," replied the gentleman, thinking seriously of calling for assistance.

"Rettie Reynolds!" "Ellen Parsons, sir! Answer us at once! When did they leave?"

And Mrs. Parsons looked as though she meant danger.

"The young ladies left this morning," coolly answered the professor, walking toward the door.

"This morning! and you, sir, can stand there and speak of it in that calm manner! This is a criminal neglect for which, I warn you, you shall suffer."

And Mrs. Parsons closed the door and stood against it.

"My dear madam," answered the professor, "I assure you there is some sort of misunderstanding between us. If you will explain to me the meaning of your strange words and manner, I will endeavor to defend myself, and calm your agitation; but, until I know of what I am accused, I can say nothing."

"Where are our children?" now demanded Mrs. Parsons, in tragic tones.

"I can answer that question very easily, madam," replied the professor. "Miss Reynolds and Miss Parsons went to the city this morning, with one of their teachers, to procure some fancy dresses for the tableaux to be held in our exhibition rooms for the benefit of the Centennial fund, next week, and I expect the young ladies home at any moment."

"Are you telling us the truth, sir?" asked Aunt Harriet, in a very trembling voice.

"Madam, I am not accustomed to being so questioned; but, as I see you are both laboring under some severe mental excitement, I will overlook the singular tone of your inquiries."

The two women looked uneasily at one another now."

"What shall we think!" ejaculated Aunt Harriet, as she fanned herself.

But, before either could come to any conclusion, and just as the professor was about making his exit, a sound of steps in the hall arrested their attention, and, presently, the two young heroines of this high comedy entered upon the scene, and, in the startled exclamations, and hurried explanations which followed, Professor Rhodes began to see into the plot of the play.

"I only meant to scare you a little, auntie," said Rettie, after she had begged her aunt's and the professor's pardon for having created such a "tempest in a teapot."

"You have frightened me more than a little, Rettie, and I hope it will be the last practical joke you ever play your old aunt, or any one else."

"Promise me you'll take me back home, then, and let me stay with you as long as I live, and I'll be good forever."

And Rettie made a very coaxing kind of mouth, as she pleaded her cause.

"Of course I'll take you home with me. That's what I came for. I shouldn't rest a minute with you out of my sight, after this."

Upon which Rettie sealed the bargain with innumerable kisses, looking quite triumphantly over at Nellie Parsons when she had finished.

Mrs. Parsons was as much shocked at Rettie's joke as she had been, when she believed it quite earnest, and the long lines about her mouth resumed their usual hardness, as she declared that, "for her part, she should say the young lady needed a stricter mode of discipline than even a boarding-school afforded, to mould her character and make her at all refined and ladylike."

"Thank you, Mrs. Parsons; I don't wish to be either," saucily replied Rettie; "but I am going to be a good woman, some day, and no one can teach me how to be that better than Aunt Harriet, in our own home."

Mrs. Parsons accompanied Rettie and her aunt back to the city next day, but left her daughter behind.

"I prefer boarding-schools to circuses," she said, when Rettie asked if Nellie might not come, too.

"But, my dear Rettie," asked Aunt Harriet that night, when they were alone in their room, "where in the world did you get that dreadful writing-paper with the terrible heading, 'Circus of all Nations, Trained Animals, and Pantomime Exhibitions?'"

"Oh, I saw a little boy have it in the street when we were out walking, one day. The idea occured to me—'I'll let Mrs. Parsons *hear* from me!'—so I gave the boy ten cents for his sheet of paper, and thought out my plan. Wasn't it jolly to startle her? The idea of Nellie Parsons on the tight-rope! I didn't mean to frighten you so, though, auntie dear! but I did want to come home to you so badly! I hope you'll forgive me? I'll study hard all winter, now, be a real good girl, and never do so any more."

Rettie kept her promise, and there isn't, to-day, anywhere, a more thorough little woman, or a more perfect and refined little lady, than the heroine of Rettie Reynold's famous Leap for Life!

## A WOMAN'S WOOING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Miss Berresford, allow me the pleasure of presenting Mr. Casilear, and let me supplement the introduction with the hope that you will be very good friends," said Mrs. Vase, smilingly, and then left them to get acquainted the best way they could.

"I trust we shall each do our best to gratify Helen's hope," said Miss Berresford, giving Casilear her hand.

"I am sure I shall try to do my part well," answered Casilear, earnestly, with that rare smile of his in his eyes, which always came when he was pleased and interested.

"I don't think we shall find much difficulty in getting acquainted," said Miss Berresford. "Helen has told me so much about you that I feel as if I knew you already."

"I am much obliged to her," laughed Casilear. "Getting acquainted is generally hard work for me, and if she has spared me the task, I shall be unspeakably thankful."

And then the conversation branched off into other fields, and before he had known her an hour Casilear felt that he had known her for years. It was not like forming a new acquaintance. It was more like renewing an old one.

"You must be careful, old fellow," he said to himself that night, when he was alone in his room. "No falling in love with this woman, remember. You mustn't be rash and foolish enough for that. You can be the best of friends, but nothing more. She is away out of your reach. There is pride and wealth between you. Whatever else you forget, remember that.

"How do you like him?" Mrs. Vase asked Miss Berresford that night.

"Oh, very much," answered she. "I think we are very good friends already."

Mrs. Vase smiled softly to herself. She had a pretty little plan in her mind, and that was that these two friends of hers should fall in love with each other. She knew of no one more worthy of Casilear's love than Miss Berresford, and she was just the woman to make him happy. She had woven a pretty little romance about it, and now she wanted to see them make it real.

It is very easy for us to tell ourselves what we must or must not do. It is quite another thing to live up to the rules we lay down for our guidance.

It was easy enough for Casilear to tell himself that he must not fall in love with Miss Berresford. It was not so easy a matter to keep from doing so. Before he knew it, he had compromised his heart.

He knew, when he thought of going away from her, that he had never loved a woman before, and never could again, as he loved this one. The very thought of leaving her was painful in the extreme. How could he go his way and remember that there was a woman who would have made his life sweet and beautiful, if it had not been for the barrier of wealth and pride between them, and do his life-work faithfully, and with his heart in it. He would always yearn for that which had come so near, and was so far away. His life would lack the flower which should crown every man's life with the glory of completeness.

"But I must not think of it in that way," he said, as he looked the matter fairly in the face. "If I allow myself to, it will only make it the harder for me to accept the situation. She is not for me, and that settles it."

He was going down to the city one day. Two gentlemen who had been stopping at the Oaks for a few days were on the train, but they did not see him.

"By the way," spoke up one of them, "what do you think that affair between Miss Berresford and young Casilear will amount to?"

"Nothing, of course," was the other's reply. "He's poor, you know, and the Berresfords are proud as Lucifer. They would consider themselves terribly disgraced if she were to make such a match."

"But she seems in earnest," said his companion.

"Yes, I know that," replied the other. "Women often *seem* to be in earnest, you know."

"Then you don't think she cares for him?" questioned the other gentleman.

"No, I don't," was the reply. "She is a Berresford, and will not sacrifice the Berresford pride. She is probably enjoying herself well, and finds, no doubt, much amusement in fooling Casilear."

"I had made up my mind that she was not the kind of woman to indulge in such amusement," said the other, thoughtfully. "There can be no doubt about Casilear's earnestness."

"Oh, no," was the reply. "He would be doing a remarkably fine thing for his own interest if he were to marry her. He would not have to work as he does now if he could catch Miss Berresford. He is probably looking out for number one. I don't blame him. But he'll hardly make his plans work."

Casilear heard every word of the conversation. That was the way the world would look at it if he were to marry her. He would be considered in the light of a fortune-hunter merely. He would get credit for no higher, nobler motive.

But what stung him most, was the thought that she was amusing herself with him. Could he believe that?

"I wish you would read to me," Miss Berresford said. "I am tired. I want to rest."

"What shall I read?" Casilear asked. His voice had a weary sound in it. His face had a shadow on it. His heart had a great ache in it.

"Here is Whittier," she said, taking up a volume from the table. "Read me 'Amy Wentworth,' please."

He started, and looked at her keenly. What could she mean by selecting that? Did she wish to tantalize him? Her eyes drooped before his glance, and a soft color suffused her face.

He found the poem and began to read.

"Stop," she said, softly, when he had half finished it. "Will you please read those last verses again? I think they are so beautiful."

He looked at her again, searchingly. But her face was in shadow.

"The spring is brightest at its birth,
And love is not like wine;
Not honored less than him who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

"Full lightly shall the prize be won
If love be fortune's spur,
For never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her."

"I think Whittier has written nothing more beautiful that that," she said. "If the world would only look at it in that light how much better it would be for all of us."

"But it won't," he cried, passionately. "It never judges people from such a standpoint."

"What is the opinion of the world worth?" she asked, turning her face to him. "If those who are most intimately concerned understand each other, it matters very little or nothing at all what other people say."

"I am going away," he said, suddenly. He had come to the conclusion that he could not trust himself any longer. He must get away from the sound of her voice and her haunting eyes.

"When?" she asked.

"To-morrow," he answered. Since he must go, better to go at once.

"And so our happy summer is at an end," she said, softly, with a little sigh. "It has been a very pleasant one to me. Very, very pleasant."

"Good-bye," he said, getting up and coming to her side, with outstretched hand. "Perhaps you think strange that I go away in this hasty fashion, but—you would not if you understood my reasons. It is better for me, for both of us. It would have been better if I had gone weeks ago."

She gave him her hand, and he felt it tremble in his.

"Before you go, I want to have you tell me that it is from no act or word of mine that you are going to leave us," she said, with her sweet eyes on his face. "I have not offended you? I am not the cause of your going away?"

His heart beat with a wild and swift excitement. His love rushed to his lips in words, and before he could stay the impulse he had spoken.

"It *is* because of you that I am going away!" he cried, pale with the pain and emotion that swayed him. "I would not have told you, if you had let me go in peace. Good-bye," and he dropped her hand and turned away.

"Stop!" she cried, putting her hand upon his arm. "You shall not go until you have told me what I have done. I have a right to know. If I have said anything or done anything to wound you, tell me what it is?"

"It is because you have made me love you!" he cried, with his eyes full of the pain he felt. "You have forced me to tell you the truth, so don't blame me for it. I wouldn't have told you if you had let me go."

"I don't blame you," she said, softly, with a flush of rose making her face fair as any flower. "And because you love me you are going away?"

"Woman! woman!" he cried, white to the lips, "you torture me! Don't you see that? Isn't it enough for me to know that you are out of reach! Say good-bye, and let me go!"

"Roy," she said, tenderly, with her cheeks afush with dainty confusion, "are you so blind that you won't see the truth?"

He looked at her with eager, questioning eyes.

"I wonder if you love me, poor as a man can be in wealth and name?" he said, slowly, in a half-bewildered way. It hardly seemed that it could be so.

"What has wealth or name to do with it?" she cried, with shining eyes. "A true heart is worth the world. I don't care for riches, nor what the world will say, I care for *you*, Roy!"

And then her eyes drooped before his, and she covered her face to hide the sweet confusion there.

"I am poor in everything but love!" he said, coming close to her. "In love I am richer than a king. If you will take that, and brave the opinion of the world, it is yours."

"I will take it," she said, "and the world may say what it will. I shall only think that you love me."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. He felt that he had no right to throw away his chance of happiness for any fear of what the world might think. It was a matter between the woman he loved and his own heart.

Nora Casilear is a far wealthier woman than Nora Berresford ever was, for Nora Berresford had a wealth of gold, and Nora Casilear has a wealth of love which is better than any earthly riches, for true love is not earthly.

## THE WISHING HAT.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

There was once a young Count, whose great-great-grandfather had been a very grand person indeed, with a string of titles to his name of Rufus, as long as your arm. But this great-great-grandfather, and the great-grandfather, and the grandfather of our young Count, whose name was Rufus also, had all been such very great men, that they never thought of looking after the little things; and so, by little and little, all their money had slipped away from all these great people: and although our young Count had all the titles left safe enough, he found that to be called Duke of Drumsticks, Marquis of Mincemeat, would neither clothe him, warm him, nor feed him. So Count Rufus, Duke of Drumsticks, Marquis of Mincemeat, and Palatine of Peppermints, was obliged to go out into the world to seek his fortune, as if he had been the son of the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker.

When he was going, his old nurse said to him, "Count Rufus, if you would find your fortune, see that you despise nothing, however small or worthless it may seem. Great walls are often built of little bricks."

And the Count remembered the saying, because nurse Deborah was a very wise woman, and never said anything for nought.

Count Rufus lived in a desolate old castle, on the top of a mountain; all the mountain was covered with ice and snow, so that he had hard work in going down, to avoid a tumble into the black ravine, a thousand feet below; and at the base of the mountain was a thick forest which he must pass through before he could reach the road that led to Court. Now that would have made less matter, but the way was so long, that it would be quite dark before Count Rufus reached the foot of the mountain; and the forest had such a reputation for gnomes and elves, and wood-goblins, that no one ever liked to pass through it after nightfall.

"What can't be cured, must be endured," however, said the Count to himself, and walked slowly on down the mountain.

On the way down, he saw hanging on a bush an old hat, that looked as if it had been dropped there by some poor person, passing that way; a scrubby old hat enough it looked, but the Count remembered his nurse's saying, and picking it up, put it in his pocket. Hardly had he done so, when an ugly, little old man started out from behind a tree.

"Bring back that hat!" screamed the little man. "What are you robbing honest folks for?"

"Honest man!" answered the Count, laughing, "if the hat is yours, how happened it that it was hanging on a tree instead of your head?" And in a spirit of mischief, he put the hat on his own head. "It fits me very well," said he. "I have taken a fancy to the hat, my friend."

"Oh! you make game of me, do you?" cried the little man, in a rage, and began to run after the Count.

That was not much matter, for the Count was an excellent runner; but presently he found that the little man, instead of running on two legs like himself, turned round and round on one leg, and that he could go in that way two miles to the Count's one. More than that, the Count came presently to the forest, and there it was very nearly as dark as midnight. He stumbled about, and as he did so, heard the wood-elves laughing at him.

"A fig for nurse and her advice!" he said, in a rage. "What did I want with this old hat. I only wish I was out of the forest."

He had not time to finish the sentence; for the moment he said it, he felt himself lifted up in the air; and clearing the entire forest at one jump, there he was on the other side, walking along the road that led to the city.

"That is very odd," he said, to himself, "to get all one's wishes as easily as that. If I could say now, 'I wish my supper would come walking out of the bush;' and thereupon a fine sirloin, with a bottle of wine, should prance out——"

But before he could get any further, out came a noble sirloin of steak, with knife and fork, on a silver dish, and a bottle of wine, marching along sedately, and planted themselves before him.

"This is wonderful," cried the Count; "but since it costs so little, I wish also for some salmon, of which I am very fond, a dish of partridges and a basket of fruit."

Instantly the boughs of the tree under which he was standing bent down toward him, and he saw hanging from them, salmon, baskets of fruit, and partridges.

"Hallo! here is wonderful bearing of fruit," said the Count, laughing. "If the trees do such things in the winter, what would they not yield in the summer?"

But all this time it never came into his stupid pate that the old hat on his head had anything to do with these wonders. When he had eaten and drank to his satisfaction, he said to himself, "I wish I knew which of the two roads at the angle there leads to Court."

Out whisked a squirrel from among some stones.

"Take the road to the right!" said the squirrel, scampering up the tree.

The Count stared after him, with his mouth so wide open that Master Squirrel might have jumped down, if he chose.

"Why, the squirrels talk, rather than I should not have my wish. I wish I had a fine horse, and knew how I looked. I have not seen myself since I left home, and one wishes to be decent at Court."

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same moment he heard some robins tittering, "Did you ever see such a shocking bad hat—he! he!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't, you blockhead—no, you can't!" cried the little man on one leg, jumping out and dancing around him. "That was the Wishing-Hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this booby of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

## THE WILD BEASTS.

BY IDA FAY.

"Tut, tut, my dears," said the father, coming suddenly into the room where Louie and Jamie were violently disputing, "what have you let out the wild beasts for? Catch them quickly—this minute—or there is no telling what they will do."

The children, a little frightened, looked round the room, and then said:

"There are no wild beasts here."

"Oh, yes, there are. I am sure I was not mistaken. I heard them making a terrible noise; and, besides, I caught a glimpse of two of them just as I came in—they were that instant looking out of their caves."

"Oh, papa!" cried the children, rushing to their father's arms. "How you frighten us. What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dears, that there are cruel and savage wild beasts that live in this house, and that they are sometimes let loose, and then they do a great deal of damage. They are kept in hollow and dark caves, and are guarded by a double row of strong walls; besides this, there is another guard outside of the walls—these are gates which are made to shut closely over them, so that it is not possible for them to get out, unless somebody opens the way."

"Oh, dear!" said the children, almost crying, "what makes you have them in the house, papa? They might get out, you know, and tear us all to pieces."

"I cannot help having them in the house, my dears. I know they may at any time be let out, and I am sure that they were out when I came into this room. They do not look so strong and dangerous as they are, and you may have seen them without knowing them. But, my children, believe me when I tell you that you never grow angry and begin to say unkind things without opening the entrance to those dark caves where the wild beasts dwell."

The father went out now, and the children did not dare to quarrel any more. Neither did they dare remain any longer in that large, deep-windowed room. How did they know that the mouth of those caves might not be behind the heavy curtains of the windows, or in some of the corners of the room behind the furniture or the pictures. They grew very much afraid, and ran to seek their mother.

"Mamma," said they, "did ever you see the awful wild beasts that live in this house."

"The awful what?" said the mother, in astonishment.

"Why, wild beasts. Papa says they live in this house, and that, if we are not pleasant and kind, they will eat us all up."

"What had you been doing, my dears, when he told you so?" asked the mother, suspecting how it was.

The children hung down their heads in silence.

"Where did papa say that the beasts lived?"

"In a dark cave," answered Louie. "He said there were two strong walls, and another wall about them, that they could never open of themselves; but that every time anybody grew cross, and said angry things, you know, the gates flew open, and the beasts came out. Oh, dear! I'm so frightened. Won't you ask papa to move away from this house?"

"We should carry the dangerous beasts with us, my dears, go where we might. Hand me the book by your elbow, Jamie."

Jamie obeyed, and his mother opened it and read: "Every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

"This," she went on to say, "is what your father was thinking of. The tongue is the beast, and the mouth is the cave. My children must learn to be always gentle and loving if they would not have their wild beasts come out to bite and to devour."

## Wishings and Longings.

BY C. S.

Did you never *wish* you had it? Of course you have, a thousand times. You never would be miserable any more if it could only be so. You are sure of that. It may be a fine house, a fine dress, a fine carriage. No matter what; the desire for it has taken the spice and flavor out of every blessing you possess.

One day I heard a boy say to his little brother, who was crying lustily, "Now, Toni, I know you don't want anything, but what do you *think* you want?" That boy was a philosopher, and went to the root of the matter. It is not what we really want, but what we *think* we want, that frets the most of us. Perhaps you tell me that you suffer just as much as if your longing was a reasonable or a sensible one. That's true too; but if you only could snatch *to-day's* legitimate happiness, instead of wondering if you could not get a great deal more, for that to-morrow which may never come to you, wouldn't it be wiser? Once I went off into the woods, with a dear little girl, who is much more of a poetess than a philosopher. Not a patch of soft green moss, not the tiniest bud of a wild flower, or flitting butterfly, or bird, or tree-shadow on the smooth, clear lake, escaped her bright, glad eyes. The *first* flower she found enraptured her, and she climbed a steep rock with her mites of feet for the second, and so on till her tiny hands were full. Just then she found quite a parterre of bright pink blossoms; and I was so glad for her; when suddenly she burst into such a grieved, piteous cry, "Oh dear! oh dear! what *shall* I do? *I can't hold them all.*"

If we'd only think of that! That "we can't hold them all." That in order to grasp that which is the moment's wish, we must let something else drop that we prize. Something that we can never retrace our steps, in life's devious paths, to reclaim. It may be health, or character, or life itself, for that which is so perishable, so unsatisfying, so harmful, that we can never cease wondering how the "glamour" of it could have so dazzled our mental and moral vision. The little child I speak of, who clambered up the rock to secure that *one* flower, was happier in its possession than with the myriads that she afterwards found lying at her very feet. She had *earned* that one! She had encountered a fierce briar-brush; she had got her hands scratched in the conflict; she had tickled her little nose with a defiant twig; she had tangled her curls; she had scraped her little fat knee till it was red—and *got it!*

## SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE M. DUCANNE.

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Are there no bachelors wanting to buy?
None who have courage enough to propose?
None who have wisdom enough to disclose
That they've shirts without buttons, and pants without straps,
They have vests with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps,
And their last winter's hose are minus of toes,
And their uncovered heels are like to get froze,
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I
To attend to the wants and the woes we espy?

We are no coquettes—Sallie and I—
So free-loving dandies need not apply—
Hearts warm and loving we're striven to blend
With hands ever ready in need to befriend;
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam
Beyond the charmed precincts of childhood's sweet home—
And to wash, brew, or bake, small splatter we make,
For "quiet and thrift" is the motto we take—
Oh! rare are such housewives as Sallie and I;
Lonely old bachelors, will ye not buy?

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Shall we be left in the market to die?
Swiftly youth's fleeting years over us go,
Dimmer the rays from Hope's beacon-light glow,
And the dimples where Cupid hath chosen his bed,
Too long left unkissed, will be wrinkles instead—
And our hearts, like the May, will forget to be gay,
If Love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our way:
Such the petition Sallie and I
Offer to bachelors—pray, will ye buy?

# For True Love's Sake!

OR,

# The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER XI.

STILL DEEPER IN THE TOILS.

Nora's fear was a natural one. Godfrey had not been gone ten minutes when his uncle entered the apartment. It seemed more than probable there had been an encounter between them.

The lines about her fine mouth hardened a little. Those pretty pink nails imbedded themselves in the rosy palms. She lifted her head a trifle higher, ready to hurl proud defiance against all the haughty race of Vaughns, if necessary.

"Nora, Miss Verlorme!" cried the banker, in an anxious voice, as his glance fell upon her agitated face, "what is the matter?"

Somewhat reassured, she crossed to his side, saying, in a quick whisper:

"Did you meet anybody, as you came in?"

He shook his head.

"I came by the river road, and walked through the grounds."

"Oh!"

She drew a long, deep breath. All was not lost, then! She had yet a chance. A chance for what?

It seemed to her distorted imagination as if fate, providence, everything was driving her onward to one inexorable step. Fortune favored her plans—even chance was in her favor. Why, else, had uncle and nephew failed to meet, when a meeting seemed inevitable? The river road ran below the house, and was a longer route. Major Vaughn had never come by way of it before. Blind destiny must have led him thither on this occasion, for her own advantage.

"What has occurred to trouble you?" the banker asked, in real solicitude, as she stood pale and silent at his side.

"I have been insulted—grossly insulted!" she cried, and dropping her face into her pretty, slender hands, began to sob hysterically.

He drew her to a seat, attempting to sooth her agitation.

"Insulted?" he echoed, when she was better able to listen to him. "By whom? Tell me by whom, Nora, and the wretch shall be punished as he deserves."

He stood with one hand resting lightly upon her bowed head, and the other stealing toward her waist. It was a critical moment in Nora's destiny, and she knew it. She must lose or win him in the next five minutes.

"How can I tell you?" she sobbed, in the greatest apparent distress. "You will despise me, for I despise myself," and she did, most heartily.

"I beg that you will tell me, Nora," he said, gently.

She did, in a broken, disjointed way—that is, she gave her own version of the story. From it, Major Vaughn could only gather that she had a persistent admirer whom she detested, but who was perpetually forcing his attentions upon her, and that he had just burst unceremoniously into her apartment, and grossly insulted her with his ardent protestations of love. But she had been very careful to mention no names.

"It is so hard to be friendless and alone," she murmured, plaintively. "Every wretch imagines he can take advantage of my forlorn condition. Oh, my God! why have I no father, no brothers to avenge my wrongs?"

There was real passion and agony in this outbreak. It pierced to the banker's very heart. Closer and closer he clasped the poor, sobbing creature, remembering only her beauty, her distress, and his own absorbing love.

"Nora, my darling!" he cried, in a stifled voice, "let me be father, brother, all the world to you? Give *me* the right to protect you?"

She looked up, showing a face that was perfectly tearless.

"Do you mean what you say?" she asked, a trifle sharply, with a strange light burning in her velvety eyes.

"I do. I love you. I ask you to be my wife, that mine may be the privilege to protect and care for you. I love you passionately, absorbingly—it is the one love of my lifetime. Oh, Nora, Nora, can you consent to be an old man's darling?"

There was such fire and passion in the appeal, such melting tenderness in the great brown eyes gazing down into her own so pleadingly, that Nora grew absolutely frightened at her own work.

"Great heaven!" she exclaimed. "Do you indeed love me so madly?"

"I shall be the most wretched man upon the face of the earth if you send me away."

A soft, rosy flush hid her ghastly pallor for an instant, and then was gone.

"I have no wish to send you away, Major Vaughn."

"Then you do love me—you will be my wife?" he cried, passionately.

Nerving herself for the effort—and it cost her more than you may think, dear reader—Nora looked him steadfastly in the face and answered:

"I will be your wife if you will marry me to-day—this very hour?"

Major Vaughn drew back as if he had received a blow.

"What do you say?" he faltered.

She repeated her words in a firmer tone than before. No marble could have been whiter than her face. Within it her eyes burned and sparkled like two coals of fire. There were firm, hard lines about her mouth. She looked like a desperate woman—and so she was.

"I cannot stay here, as I am, any longer," she went on, hurriedly. "I must go away from this spot forever, or else place a barrier between myself and the man who persecutes me. If I ever marry you, it must be to-day."

"Let me go home," he said, after an amazed pause. "Let me tell Janet and Rose, and ask them to be present. Godfrey, too——"

"You shall tell nobody," she interrupted, almost fiercely. "You have heard my answer to your suit. The marriage must be strictly private if it takes place at all. I *will not* give the wretch who pretends to love me a chance to make a scene—a great scandal. I will not. You can spare me that unhappiness by taking me away at once. Oh, how hard, how mortifying it is to be driven to such expedients!"

She broke down again, bursting into a passion of sobs and moans that actually frightened the banker.

"Be calm, my darling," he pleaded, clasping her to his heart, and kissing the tears from her cheeks. "Do you think I will sacrifice nothing for your sake? It shall be as you wish. Only—this man—I might find some way to silence him——"

"Never!" she exclaimed. "I know him. I have pointed out the only way. I shall not even tell you his name at present."

"Be it so. I will go to make the necessary arrangements at once. You may expect me back again in two hours from this."

Kissing her fondly, he went away. Nora but dimly guessed the sacrifice he was making for her sake. He was a very proud man—very tenacious of the good opinion of the world—and this haste, this secrecy, distressed him beyond measure.

But he was already in the toils of the siren, and could not turn back.

And Nora? What shall I say of her—how describe the anguish concentrated into those two long hours during which she waited?

She went into her bed-chamber and threw herself upon the couch. For a long while she lay there still and rigid, with her face buried in the pillows—the only sign of life she gave being the shuddering moans that shook her from head to foot at long intervals.

At last she rose up, went to the toilet-stand, bathed her swollen eyes in rose water, and carefully arranged her hair. Then she put on a traveling dress of soft, shining gray, that was wonderfully becoming.

By-and-by, a tap came at the door, and Mrs. Churchill, her landlady, entered. She was a sweet, nice-looking little woman, to whom Nora had become sincerely attached.

"I came up to sit with you, Miss Verlorme," she said, "that is, if you care to have company."

Nora turned upon her a smiling face in which there was no trace of hidden anguish.

"I should be very glad, Mrs. Churchill. But I am going out."

"Ah! yes. No matter."

She bowed, smiled, was withdrawing, but Nora signed for her to remain.

"Let me finish what I began to say, madam. I have a great surprise, perhaps, a shock, in store for you. I am going to be married!"

"Married?" echoed Mrs. Churchill, recoiling.

"Yes. Why don't you wish me joy? I believe it is always customary, at such times."

The good lady gazed at her in wondering amazement, as if not quite certain what to think of this sudden step.

"Of course the happy man is Major Vaughn, the rich banker?" she returned, at last.

"Yes, Major Vaughn is to be my husband."

"I hope you will be happy—I do indeed, my dear. But this seems so sudden, so informal——"

"It was my wish," Nora interrupted. "Please say no more about it."

She slowly tied on her hat before the glass. It pleased her to see that some of the natural bloom was returning to her haggard cheeks.

"I feel as if I were going to my own funeral," she thought.

Turning presently, she said:

"I shall not come back here, directly. Of course, we are going somewhere—our programme is scarcely filled out, as yet. But, if anybody should come here and ask for me, you are to tell them the truth."

"That you are married? Of course."

"That I am married to Major Vaughn," she amended.

She could not resist striking the last blow at the man who once had slighted her. Godfrey would be sure to return—perhaps that very day—expecting to find his uncle with her. Well, he should find out that he had come too late, and her revenge was consummated!

At this instant there was a ring, and the banker's footsteps sounded in the hall. A nervous trembling seized upon every limb, as Nora stood there, listening to them. Unable to stir, she put out her hand suddenly, and laid it upon Mrs. Churchill's arm.

"Go down to him," she cried, hoarsely. "Go down, and say I will be there directly."

Something in her face startled the good woman. "My dear," she began remonstratingly.

"Go!" exclaimed Nora. "Go, I say. Leave me quite by myself a moment."

"Poor child! Poor child!"

Mrs. Churchill said no more. With a look of blended pity and wonder upon her face, she went down to meet the banker in the lower hall.

### CHAPTER XII.

A STRANGE BRIDAL.

"I don't like the looks of this business," sighed pretty Mrs. Churchill, when she had delivered her message to Major Vaughn. "Miss Verlorme is not happy, and why she should marry in such haste is more than I can comprehend. I hope there is no wrong being done. I hope she is not marrying the banker for his money. If so, unhappiness is sure to come of it. I wish I dared to interfere, but, of course, it would not be of the least use."

All this was said in mild soliloquy while the would-be bridegroom was striding impatiently up and down the hall.

At last Nora made her appearance. Even Mrs. Churchill was startled at seeing the bright, radiant creature who came tripping down the stairs—a glaring contrast to the ghastly, wretched woman she had seen in that upper room, only a few moments previously.

"I am ready," she said, slipping her pretty gloved hand under the banker's arm, and giving Mrs. Churchill a quick glance. "We will go at once, if you please."

"The sooner the better," whispered Major Vaughn, giving her hand a slight pressure.

"Your things?" gasped Mrs. Churchill. "Of course, you will want——"

"I have packed one small box," Nora interrupted. "I shall need nothing more. It stands in my dressing-room. You can ask John to bring it down and place it in the carriage."

"Yes, dear."

Mrs. Churchill kissed her quite tenderly. "I hope—I *do* hope you are going to be very happy," she said, once again, in a choking voice.

That was their only leave-taking. Major Vaughn led her away, and seated her in the handsome carriage drawn up before the gate.

John soon made his appearance with the box, and then they were driven away.

As the carriage rolled down the shady road toward the city, a tall, thin, yellow-haired woman rose up from the shadow of the thick hedgerow, where she had been crouching.

"It looks as if there were going to be a wedding," she muttered, her yellow eyes burning and flashing. "Ha! ha! ha! Douglas Vaughn is going to take a bride at last. Well, let him—but the old love shall rise to haunt him—shall hover round his pathway when he little dreams whose eyes are upon him. What hand is ready to dash the cup of happiness from his lips?

"Now I must seek Godfrey Vaughn. He shall learn what is going on—but, too late to stop it!"

Then, chuckling softly to herself, she moved with a rapid step down the road over which the carriage had passed a few moments previously.

Nora never forgot that ride, during which she sat by the banker's side, among the velvet cushions, and rolled so swiftly to her fate.

A thousand conflicting emotions almost drove her mad. She scarcely heard Major Vaughn's words of endearment—she made no attempt whatever to answer them. She sat silent and pensive as a marble statue, with her great, burning eyes fixed upon vacancy; a strange, dull ringing in her ears, like that a half-drowned person experiences.

At last the carriage drew up before a Gothic chapel, built in a little grove of embowering trees.

"This is the place I selected for the ceremony, dearest," said Major Vaughn, alighting and turning to lift her out. "It is a very quiet, secluded spot, and there will be no idle lookers-on."

Nora drew back with a long, quivering sigh, and an uplifting of her eyes, as if she had just wakened from a horrible dream.

"Are we there already?" she exclaimed.

A sudden change swept over her features even while she was speaking. Her soft, purplish eyes sought the banker's face, and then slowly dilated, as if with a swift horror of herself. How good, how kind, noble, and loving he looked, standing there!

"Oh, my God!" she cried, in an agony of self-reproach, "I can't go on like this! I can't play this treacherous *role* another instant! It will kill me!"

She fell back among the cushions, writhing and wringing her hands like one beside herself.

Major Vaughn's quick ears caught the words. He gave her a swift look, and then a ghastly whiteness blanched his face.

"Nora," said he, hoarsely, "what is the meaning of this emotion? Have you deceived me? Do you wish to draw back at this late hour?"

"No! no! no! I will be your wife, if you think I am worthy. Oh, yes, I will be your wife!"

Now she put out one of her pretty hands, and caught hold of his own, clinging to it eagerly.

"I can't go to the altar with a lie upon my lips," she said, in an unnatural voice. "I am not so depraved, so wicked. Let me make confession here, at the church-door, and then you shall do with me as you will."

"Confession, Nora?"

"Aye, confession. I have been a very desperate woman, Major Vaughn—you may call me wicked. Hear me, and then judge of my conduct. One little year ago a man won my love, then cast it from him in utter scorn, because he thought my blood less blue than his own—because I was poor and friendless. Let that pass. I love him no longer. He has not power to thrill a single pulse of my heart.

"Now mark my words. I have met this man of whom I speak, in New York, of late. It is he from whom I am trying to escape. He is loving and tender, now!"—speaking bitterly. "He would marry me, to-morrow, if I wished. But I hate—I scorn him! I wanted to be revenged upon him. I wanted him to see that other men prized me despite my poverty and humble birth. I wanted to gain a position from which I could look down, even upon him.

"Now you know why I encouraged you so artfully. From the first I was determined to win your heart and hand. I have been a vile, scheming, designing creature in all my intercourse with you. I have done everything in my power to forge chains that would bind you securely. I believe the desire to touch in some way the man who had scorned me, drove me mad. I have not been myself during all these wretched days, but a sinful, half-crazed creature, who was living and acting like a person under the influence of some terrible dream."

Her voice died away in a burst of irrepressible sobs. She had spoken wildly, rapidly, as if fearful courage or strength might fail at any moment. Now she was powerless to utter another word.

The banker stood beside the carriage, gazing at her with reproachful eyes. The anguish written upon every feature of his ghastly face, was terrible to behold. Only by a violent effort could he maintain anything like self-control.

The confession had shocked, stunned him. His dream of love had been a very bright one, and it cost him a dreadful pang to be so rudely awakened from it.

"This is very bitter, Nora," he said, with white lips. "I would rather you had stabbed me to the heart."

Nora turned her eyes upon his face. She would have spoken, but her voice failed her. With a second effort, however, she said faintly:

"Curse me, curse me, Major Vaughn. I should feel all the better for it. God knows I deserve the worst things you can say of me."

"I will not curse you, darling. In spite of everything, my love remains unchanged."

"You do love me, you can love me, after knowing the shameful truth?" she cried, eagerly.

A groan escaped his lips.

"Would to God I could cast your image from my heart, Nora. But that is impossible."

She uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," she murmured, quoting from the old ballad. Then she suddenly held out her hands to him.

"Let the marriage go on, my love," she pleaded. "If you can forgive the perfidy of which I have been guilty, let it go on."

"Do you wish it?"

"Do I wish it?" she echoed, burning blushes chasing each other over her cheeks. "Is it possible you have so misunderstood me, Douglas, as to think I would have gone on to the end without feeling a particle of affection for you in my heart?"

The strong man began to tremble like a child. A strange new hope sprang into life at her words. He pressed warmly the two slender hands resting in his own. How sweet it was to hear her call him Douglas!

"Then you are not wholly indifferent to me?" he murmured.

"Indifferent? No. I love you fondly, devotedly. I can read my own heart clearly in this hour of trial. If there was a lingering doubt in my mind, it is dissipated forever. I should die, I think, if you were to give me up."

A flush of joyful surprise overspread Major Vaughn's face.

"And this other man—this villain, who basely slighted your love——"

"Do not speak of him again," she interrupted, with a quick shudder. "I loathe, and detest him."

"Then why did you make this confession?"

"Because," her bright eyes looking steadfastly into his own, "because I was not bad enough to promise to love and honor you, while you were ignorant of the utter baseness of the motives that first induced me to draw you to my side. I could not take a wife's vows upon my lips until you knew the whole, bitter truth."

"Enough," he said, and bending forward, kissed her lips and cheek with all his old ardor. "My darling, my wife that is to be, all is forgiven, forgotten. Henceforth, there shall be no secrets between us."

He lifted her out, asking not another word of explanation, and led her through the vestibule into the dim splendor of the chapel, where a priest stood robed and ready.

The ceremony was very brief. When it was all over, bride and groom resumed their seats in the carriage, which was driven at once to the nearest railway terminus.

Very few words passed between them. The banker sat with his arms clasped about Nora's waist, his heart beating deliriously. The fascination this woman exercised upon him was something wonderful. Already he had well nigh forgotten the cloud that had promised to obscure his joy.

His whole face glowed with grateful happiness. She was his, his own, this peerless creature, and he felt content to bury all the past, and live only in the brilliant future.

"Where do you wish to go, for the next two or three weeks?" he said, bending over the drooping head of his bride, and pressing his lips to her forehead.

"Anywhere," she answered, listlessly.

"Then we will go to some neighboring city to-night. From thence, I will telegraph for my own trunks to be forwarded, and we will wait until they arrive."

They reached the depot just in time. Major Vaughn hastily procured tickets, and had just seated Nora in a first-class carriage when the bell rang, and the train began to move slowly from the building.

At this instant somebody came rushing down the long platform. It was Godfrey Vaughn. He glanced in at the car windows as he ran along, and presently his gaze encountered Major Vaughn and Nora.

With a great cry he bounded toward the car platform.

"Uncle Douglas," he shouted, "that creature is a vile adventuress! Let me speak with you. I must speak with you. Come back, or we are all ruined!"

He made a futile attempt to gain the car in which they were seated. It was too late. An official, standing on the steps, pushed him off, half angrily. He drew back, with a groan, and saw the long train tear out of the depot, at a speed that dissipated every hope of overtaking it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONFESSION OF FAULTS.—The acknowledgment of a fault is often more effectual than any deed of atonement; and confession is speedily followed by forgiveness. Words, which we may call the little second-hand of life, are often of more consequence than deeds, which come round seldom, like the hour-hand. And in the artificial relations of cultivated people actions can never atone for language.

THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.—Among the most painful things in human experience are those self-accusations that arise when, having lost a friend, we recall the circumstances in which we were wanting toward his friendship, we feel that now his constancy of regard is beyond a doubt, and the seal put upon his virtue, we bear a load of unanticipated debt which we cannot discharge to his heirs.

IF we would arrive at real greatness of soul, we should consider that the greater the wrong is, the nobler it is to pardon it; and the more justifiable revenge would prove, so much the more honor there is in clemency.

THE mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot quickly up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

# WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

# The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

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## CHAPTER LV.

FATHER AND SON.

Bright and cheerful, as it had not seemed in many a day, appeared the old library in the Danvers mansion.

Philip Danvers, with the regal dignity of old, sat in his velvet chair with a peaceful look upon his fine, venerable face; for the last wish of his life, he believed, apart from some vain, and it seemed, imperishable regrets, had been accomplished.

St. Julian, whose voice and smile reminded him more and more each day, so tenderly and yet so sadly, of his dear, dead Eugene; who appeared, even now, to be looking down, well pleased upon them, from the life-like portrait upon the wall, sat just beyond him, with one hand of his beautiful young wife clasped in his, while he read, in a clear musical voice, very pleasant to hear, from the morning's papers.

Yet Mr. Danvers scarcely heard. For, having glanced around a moment since at the handsome young face, now fully restored to its former vigorous health, while manly resolution and strength of character are newly developed there, he had fallen to thinking of Cecil Dupre's arrest and conviction, with something like a pang of regret for the sorrow he knew Eugene would have felt, mingling with his joy at finding St. Julian freed from every suspicion, when the door was thrown hastily open, and a strange, ill-looking man staggered in.

"Father!"

There was a lifetime of concentrated passion, of baffled hopes, of despair, of victory, and of ruin in that single cry. The three occupants of the room turned quickly, and beheld a tall, shabbily-dressed man, with deeply furrowed face and curling hair, now more than half gray, standing before them; while St. Julian, thinking he must be some unfortunate drunkard or lunatic who had found his way into the house, sprang hastily up.

"Stand off!" cried the man, fiercely, now that he had looked eagerly at Violet, and it was evident, by the rapid working of his features, that he was somehow disappointed in her. "Philip Danvers, behold me—outcast, wretched criminal, I am come to you to die; for, as there is a heaven above us, *I am your lost son!*

"He is mad!" whispered St. Julian, turning toward Mr. Danvers, whom he was dismayed to find bereft almost of sense, staring at the intruder with a wild, intense, hopeful, agonizingly fearful look upon his face.

"Hear me!" interrupted the man again, "for my tongue is growing thick and refuses to utter my words. Where is Maude Manning, *my wife?*"

"Your wife, *your wife?*" gasped St. Julian, reeling back. "Oh, my poor mother! can it be *that this man is my father?*"

"*Who are you?*" asked the stranger, wildly.

"I am Maude Manning's son."

"Did she always keep from me the secret of a child's birth?" muttered the intruder, in a state of dreamy bewilderment. "Can you be her own son—my child? Great God! can it be that a father shall be revealed to his son, the son to the father, thus? Boy, I have been an outlaw, a felon—a *felon*, do you hear, barred within prison walls, in absolute ignorance of your very existence until this moment. I have no claims on your affection, perhaps none on your compassion. But tell me! oh, tell me! where is Maude—your mother and my wife?"

"She is dead," sobbed St. Julian. "Oh, thank God! dead ere this day."

"Dead?" repeated the man, with a wail of despair that seemed to rend every heart. "Dead! and never to know that of which I was ignorant until I looked upon the dead body of Arnold Leslie, how I have cherished the memory of her gentle virtues through all the long years of my confinement!"

He had covered his face with his hands, when Violet, gentle, loving Violet, clinging in tender sympathy to her husband's side, saw Philip Danvers rise up, and stretch his arms wildly towards heaven.

"Oh, man! man! whoever you may be, you dare not trifle with a broken heart. Tell me, in the name of heaven, how you came by that ring you wear; the ring of our house; the ring that my lost Eugene sent to the grave upon the finger of his wretched wife? And oh, what was the meaning of the strange words you uttered just now?"

"Father!" said the man, in a muffled, strangely faltering tone; "I am your lost son; the child of your wife, Evelyn Bridgewater, stolen from your house in infancy, by Elizabeth Houseman, the grandmother of the relentless Miriam Roscoe."

There was a cry—a wild cry to heaven from the lips of Philip Danvers, but in their blank amazement they did not speak, and Eustace Danvers proceeded slowly:

"Elizabeth Houseman brought me here—to New York, where I was reared amid scenes of crime, as her own son. Oh, father here is the whole story, with my name and date of birth, told by Miriam Roscoe, the false wife of your dead son, in these papers which I have at last wrung from her grave, snatched from beneath her guilty head, with this ring, whose mystic virtues were to ensure me success. Oh, father, father, I have your blood in my veins. She had sworn to me that she would bury the secret of my birth with her, and it was only to secure these, and not for any coarse robbery, I swear, that led me, fifteen years ago, to the attempt at their recovery, for which I was sent to a felon's cell. I—I may have sinned, but it was not in crimes like that. My father, and you, too, oh, my son, forgive—even bless me—for I, feel——"

And Eustace Danvers, tottering forward, fell, like dead, at his father's feet; with the confession of the murderess Miriam in his hand.

And St. Julian Danvers—for we may give him his true name at last—not utterly comfortless while he beheld the love light of fond sympathy in Violet's eyes, through the tears that softened their lustre, bent with bitter grief to lift his wretched father from the floor, while Philip Danvers moaned out, "Oh, my son! my son!" with anguish, such as David might have felt, when that wild cry went up from the psalmist's soul over dead Absalom, in the days of Israel's might.

The servants of the Danvers' house were too well trained to express even by a look the astonishment they felt, when summoned to assist in supporting this ill-dressed stranger, and bearing him to one of the regal apartments of this stately mansion; and their steps were hushed as they passed to and fro, for they had read the looks of anguished interest upon the faces of the young master and of Philip Danvers.

Famous surgeons were summoned in eager haste, Westman, as usual arriving first. And they went, each in his turn, to the man upon the bed, arrayed in fine linen now, and felt his pulse and lifted the hand, that fell so dead again when they had released it. There were long consultations, and this was their decree:

"*The best that can be hoped* is that the patient may die *at once!* He is disabled by a severe paralysis of two-thirds of his once strong body; and will never speak again."

There were long days and nights of mournful watching. Philip Danvers had read that dark confession, and sending in stern anger to have the ashes of the murderess Miriam removed from the family vault which they so foully dishonored, the workmen brought back to him the report of an underground passage dug by robbers, and of the fearfully mutilated body they had found under the stones. Fresh cause of harrowing anguish. How the once proud man shuddered as he looked at the time-honored opal ring still on his unhappy son's hand, and listened to that word "robber," from the lips of hireling strangers. Could he have had anything to do with that dead body! Oh, God! in mercy save his soul from the crime of murder!

* * * * *

Wakeful and watching they move over the carpets, soft as hillside moss, that never echoed a footfall; and at last uttered cries of joy, as the prostrate man opened his eyes with a look of consciousness. They bent over him, but the surgeons were right, he could not speak, but he looked about him with eager, restless eyes that never lost their troubled look until he saw St. Julian and Philip Danvers at his side.

He could lift one hand a little still, and Philip Danvers bending over him with slate and pencil, anxiously whispered if he knew aught of the unconfined man's body in the vault, when to his dismay, the fingers traced quickly.

"Arnold Leslie."

And Mr. Danvers learned, by the slow efforts of that one hand, in what manner death had come to the other, and lifted his heart in tearful gratitude to heaven.

Later he questioned him about Leonora Leslie's child, of whose existence the treacherous Miriam had spoken, and read in answer:

"The young man known as Walter Ward, and befriended by Rochester Leslie, is the child of Leonora and Arnold Leslie."

Rochester Leslie came next, and heard with horror the story of his dead kinsman's false imprisonment and fearful end.

"It is better for the living that he should have died," he said, in sorrowful confidence, to Philip Danvers. "But, how strange are the ways of providence! that the little beggar's boy sent by heaven to appeal to my protection, should, after all, bear my own name!"

Walter, too, was summoned ere the end, and, with eyes dimmed with tears, heard the story of his birth, and of the tragic fate of both his parents. Yet, when the dying man held out the slate to him with these words, "Forgive me, as I hope Christ will do!" he wrote back, "Even as I hope to be forgiven," and turned away with a sob.

## CHAPTER LVI.

LIFTING THE VEIL.

Priestly robes had swept the chambers of the Danvers' house again, and its inmates had knelt devoutly by the bedside of its long-lost son, as devout prayers were said for the soul that was passing away.

The servant of God had questioned of the afflicted sufferer if he believed in the power of the Son of God to cleanse from *all* sin, and the failing hand had written, "*Though they be red like crimson,*" and been folded down on the still breast forever.

There was another Danvers' funeral, though without the heraldry and pomp of those other days, and a new coffin had been borne to its niche in the great vault, that was already blocked up again, with the simple inscription:

"EUSTACE, SON OF PHILIP AND EVELYN BRIDGEWATER DANVERS."

And the doors of the mausoleum were locked, let us hope, for many years to come.

The bulk of their great wealth had vanished, yet peace at last—a solemn, settled peace—reigned in the stately house that must still go down to the scions of the name.

Philip Danvers is erect and vigorous yet. The lines in his fine old face are deepened, it is true, but there is a look of rest upon it, as he sits surrounded by his loving grandchildren, that was never there before—the rest that God giveth, when, in his own good time, he subdueth our proud hearts, and stilleth the whirl that followeth the storm of evil passions in our souls.

* * * * *

Rochester Leslie has removed to an humble home, but he has scarcely passed the meridian of life yet, is endowed with a cheerful, hopeful philosophy, and has entered actively into business again, though in the employment of others.

He is happy in the society of his dear daughter, as she greets him with her beautiful tenderness, and sits in cozy attitude at his side, throughout the long evenings.

There is one regret that comes over them both, however. Walter Leslie is to accompany old Stewart Roscoe, who has declared his unalterable determination to make him his heir, back to England to live, and they each feel how sadly they shall miss this almost son and brother. Almost! Walter is only a cousin five times removed to Evelyn, but somehow she is thankful that it is no nearer. And the color deepens in her lovely face as she sits alone in their little sitting-room, and hears her father's voice talking with Stewart Roscoe in the parlor, as she remembers how impatient the old man is to leave New York in which he has been lingering thus long, only that he might lend some present aid to his former friends.

While she is musing upon these approaching farewells, the door opens and Walter Leslie comes in.

"Dear Evelyn," he says, and his resolute eyes—resolute because so fathomless in their depths—look into hers, "the hour has come at last, and I am here to say good-bye—the good-bye that I believe you know must wring my heart as few things in this life have ever done."

"And may heaven bless you, Walter," she returns, as she rises and stands beside him, with the light of the sunset in her golden hair and on her damask cheeks. "I shall pray for you all my life, though in your nobleness and truth you are far better and stronger than I."

"In my manhood stronger, yes," he cries. "But, oh, Evelyn, whom I have ever looked upon as more angel than woman, not better, as you have said. You gave me a sister's love, but I have returned it with a passion that could recognize no such word as brother. Nay, do not turn away, for I speak to you with your dear father's hearty approval; but I have long known, and strengthened myself to confess, how hopeless was the dream. You have made me what I am, and I have learned to suffer and be strong; else how could I have seen you, spoken to you, and struggled still, when I knew that your guileless heart was given to another! But, dear love, I have worn a panoply above my breast that all the poisonous shafts of this earth's assailants could not penetrate. See," and he draws from his bosom a tiny gold filagree medallion, set with gems. "In this is one little rippling curl of your hair, that has never left my bosom since the day you first saw me, in my wretched, castaway youth, and beamed, like the very smile of God, upon my future life. This end has kept me, through the contagion of vicious example, of the ignorance and starvation of my early years, through the temptations of my young and inexperienced manhood, through the shipwreck and wanderings of these later days, even to your side this evening. And though you may only give me your sisterly sympathy still, I shall not be utterly wretched in going from you now, for you have taught me that there are duties in this life which, if rightly viewed, must hold us above despair, even when the most treasured hopes of our hearts are dead. So, Evelyn, light of my soul, say 'Walter, I forgive your presumption, and still grieve to say good-bye.'"

There is plenteous "forgiveness" in her soft eyes, as she lifts them, with their mists of tears, to his: but no word of farewell. And as he feels the strong tide of hope surging up in his brave young heart, and clasps her to his broad, manly breast, he knows that Stewart Roscoe must go forth again alone. For Evelyn, his first and unchanging love, has consented to embark with him, for all their coming lives, upon the unknown sea of time, on which you and I, dear reader, are drifting, likewise, toward

THE END.

## THE TWO LEGACIES.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Shall you do this thing, Marion?"

"I shall do it, Laura."

The difference betwixt the two voices was as great as was that betwixt the characters of the interrogator and responder.

The first voice was a little raised, amazement and something else pendulous betwixt disapproval and indignation.

The other was calm, self-poised, firm. The tones left no doubt behind them. Whatsoever was the thing this speaker said she would do, that she would, unflinchingly, absolutely.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it, Marion. You will do the most foolish thing of your life, and one you will most certainly live to regret. Every sensible person in the world must admit that."

"I can only of course speak for myself, Laura. I have acted in this matter in accordance with my honest and dearest convictions of what was right. I have done my duty so far as I could see it. It has, of course, cost me a struggle, but that was no reason why I should not make the sacrifice if it was right."

"If it was right? I cannot see it in the light you do."

"And I cannot see it in any other. You know, Laura, that our Uncle Gerald had no right to this land, however the law might award it him. He has the right of the dead—gentle judgment, but, alas! the truth stands strong against him; this money which he left us in his will was obtained by fraud and wrong, and if he had dealt fairly and justly by the man who trusted his fortunes in our uncle's hands we should never have received the property he left us in his will. And I do not want the wages of iniquity. They would burn in my thoughts—they would rust in my soul. Ever since I have known the truth, the thought of that five thousand dollars has lain like a dead weight upon me; I felt that I had no right to retain it—that in doing so I was robbing the widow and the fatherless."

"Marion!"

"That is the truth, Laura. You know Uncle Gerald did not get this land honestly of Edward Nicholls, that he took advantage of his circumstances and illness to wrest it from him, and though he managed to keep the law on his side, the deed was one of shameful wrong."

"Perhaps so, but then we are not responsible for Uncle Gerald's doings. Whoever heard of heirs refusing to accept their rightful property because the owners thereof hadn't always obtained it in most righteous fashion? I fancy if everybody was to set to work to explore their inheritances after your code, there'd be precious little comfort in owning any property. You plan's Utopian, Marion—common sense contradicts it."

"Right and justice do not, Laura, and, as I said before, I have made up my mind."

"And you will give up the whole?"

"The whole."

"And that month at Saratoga, that journey to the White Mountains, and that tour among the lakes?" persisted Laura Jennings.

The sweet face of Marion Lynch certainly fell into a shadow of regret, but that did not prevent her from answering.

"Yes, I must give up those and somewhat more, the little nest of a gray gothic cottage I had intended to build, just beyond the grove of cedars, for mother and Harry and me. That was the fairest vision in the perspective of my future."

"You are a foolish girl, oh, Marion."

"Well," with a little faint smile, touched with sweetness, "I have sought to know the truth, and to do it."

"For my part, I shall not sacrifice myself to any such squeamish notions of right. As I understand it, this land is mine, bequeathed to me by my uncle's will, whose property it was according to law, no matter how he got it. So it's my right, and I'm going to keep it, and have some nice times out of it, too," playing with the ivory handle of her parasol. "And won't you envy me this summer when you think of the delightful life I am leading at Newport and Saratoga, in Canada and on the lakes?"

"I probably shall," said Marion Lynch.

The conversation transpired in the parlor of a large, pleasant old-fashioned homestead in a village somewhere in the heart of Massachusetts.

It was late in May, and the windows were opened, and the rose briers were ruffled with leaves and strung thick with buds that were prophesies of bloom.

The birds filled the air with the joy of their singing, the sunshine poured its golden tides through the large, old-fashioned parlor, which gathered up two-thirds of a century in its silent memories.

These girls of whom I write, did not vary six months in their ages—both were a little beyond their twenties; both, although not beautiful, had fair and interesting faces; both were fatherless, the daughters of widows, whose very limited means demanded the strictest economy in all the household and personal expenditures; the social position of both the young ladies was the best which the sleepy old country town afforded, and at considerable sacrifices the mothers of both had given their daughters the best of educations.

But the quality of the two girls differed absolutely. Laura Jennings was a bright, sparkling, intelligent, socially attractive girl, but indolence and self-indulgence lay at the roots of her life. No heroic impulse ever thrilled her into lofty aim or purpose; no high affections ever inspired, no sacrifices ever consecrated her life. It was wholly of the earth, earthy; yet writing these words they seem severe and harsh, of one who was usually so pleasant and agreeable a companion, who had no glaring faults of temper or character, and who was, as I said, a general favorite with those who knew her. There she sat on the old-fashioned sofa in the blossoming of her years, with the pretty straw hat shading the fair face, with its bloom of lip and cheeks, with the brightness in its eyes and hair, little suspecting the real depth and meaning of the sentiments she was speaking, or how they were their own true witnesses. A little way from her by the window, sat the cousin and hostess, with her sweet, delicate face, about which lay the dark, shining hair, the blue eyes full of bright and tender meanings, and the lips sometimes set in lines of earnest thought, sometimes sweet and tremulous as a little child's.

To both of these girls' lives came not long ago a great surprise. Their mother's brother, a childless widower, died somewhat suddenly, and left each of his neices some building lots, which had lately come into his possession. The land was valued at ten thousand dollars, and half of this seemed a large fortune to each of the girls.

The imaginations of both did flame and flower about their unexpected legacies; what visions of new scenes and enjoyments, of new life and experience rose along the golden perspective of their future!

But Marion's dreams were not all for herself. The little cottage lifted itself like a small gray nest by the grove of dark green cedars; for the homestead where her mother had first seen the light was growing old, and was now too large for the small family it sheltered, and so Marion had resolved to gather them all into a little home cottage.

But one day, no matter how, suffice it the facts did not admit of a shadow of doubt, the cousins learned that their uncle had not obtained this land which he had bequeathed them, fairly, honestly.

It is true that he had a legal claim to it, for he was a shrewd, hard, grasping man whose soul was rusted with the love of gain, and he would be certain never to claim anything to which the letter of the law did not entitle him; but the man had gotten possession of this land by taking unfair advantage of another who had believed in him, trusted him, and was in his power. And this man had died insolvent a year afterward, leaving his broken-hearted wife, with her boy and baby girl, helpless, penniless, desolate, and he had affirmed on his dying bed to be the friend who disclosed this fact to the neices of Gerald Douglass, that his financial ruin would never have been consummated had not the old man taken cruel advantage of his necessities.

From that hour Marion Lynch had felt that this legacy was no longer hers. I admit that she had not come to the fixed purpose of resigning it without many struggles, without prayers, and tears.

It was hard, certainly, to give up all the fair visions in which her hopes had draped the coming summer, hardest of all to resign the little gray cottage which had shown out temptingly from among the cedars.

But ever before her had arisen the vision of the broken-hearted wife and her fair-haired, fatherless children, and the soul of Marion was tender, and her sense of justice keen and strong; and at last she rose up and said, "I will have nothing to do with the wages of iniquity," and so she had gotten the victory.

Mrs. Lynch did not influence her daughter against her higher convictions in this matter. She was a Christian woman!

* * * * *

"Oh, I cannot give up my child—my child and Edward's. It would kill me!" said the poor, young mother, in a voice which was loud and sharp, as though she was writhing in some sudden pain. A young, pale, pretty woman she was, little fitted to do battle with the world, little fitted to go out alone in its storms and its cold. You saw that in the very attitude of the delicate, almost fragile, figure, in the faded face; a gentle, refined woman, one who would be a clinging, loving housewife and mother.

She was seated in a small, but pleasant front chamber, where she had boarded with a friend since her husband's death, intending to make some plans for her future and her children's, and looking out into the great, loud, busy world with her pale, wistful, shuddering face. Two sweet children, a bright-faced boy of four, and a little golden-curled thing of two, were playing on the floor.

The friend, who for love and pity's sake had received the widow and orphans into her family at a merely nominal sum, had just proposed to Mrs. Nicholls that her boy should become an inmate of the Children's Home. She did this with great reluctance, and in tender sympathy for the mother, but for all that her words were like a terrible blow which struck down into the core of the heart of Ellen Nicholls.

"I know it is very hard, my dear," continued the kind friend in her half apologetic, half persuasive voice. "But if you *can* consent to be separated from the child, you may be assured that he will be perfectly comfortable, that he will have kind care, and ——"

Mrs. Nicholls put up her hand with a deprecatory gesture.

"Don't, don't, Mary! Your words stab me. It would kill me to give up my boy! To think of going all through the day hungering after a sight of his dear little face, after the sound of his merry voice. And to think of him sitting all alone among those strange children, with his heart heavy and sick for his mother—his mother who couldn't take him in her arms any more, and sing him to sleep—his mother who couldn't steal up softly every night to his little crib, and watch him smiling in his dreams, and thank God that her poor fatherless boy was happy after all. No, no, Mary. Anything but that. I'll work early and late with hands so little used to it. I'll live on a crust—there's nothing in the world so humble or mean that I won't do—only don't take away my children from me."

Mrs. Nicholls' friend had no heart to urge the matter further, so she only added with the tears standing in her eyes:

"You know, Ellen, I would never have suggested this, only I could not see what was to become of you and the children."

"I know it, Mary. That thought haunts me by night and by day. And sometimes it seems as though it must drive me mad. Oh, if Edward were only alive—poor Edward, he feared what was coming in his dying hours. I wonder how that old man can sleep in his grave, Mary."

"What man?" for Mrs. Nicholls' eyes had a sudden wildness in them that was almost fierce, and her voice had come out of its sobs into a kind of frozen steadiness.

"*That* man—whom else should I mean but Gerald Douglass—that man who so wronged the dead and the living. If it had not been for the imposition he practised, the advantage he took of Edward, my fatherless children would not now be thrown, with their helpless mother, on the world. It seems to me that our sorrows must cry up to God against that man, and cry down into his grave a curse." Poor woman! in her anguish she did not know what she was saying.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a domestic entered with a letter for Mrs. Nicholls.

The bold hand was a stranger's. And the lady opened it with a vague hope and fear. She ran over the contents, and then held it towards her friend, her face shining with a great light behind its tears for joy.

"Is it true—is it true, Mary?"

The letter was brief and business like, from one of the executors of Gerald Douglass' will, stating that his niece had resigned her share in the lands which the deceased had bequeathed her, in favor of Mrs. Nicholls, whom she had never seen, but whom she believed had the best right to them, and the lady was at liberty to take immediate possession of the property, which, if sold, would probably bring her about five thousand dollars.

"Yes, it is true, Ellen?"

"And I can keep my children," sobbed the happy mother. "We'll go away off into the country, and rent a little nest of a cottage; and the interest will support us. You've no idea how economical I'll be there, Mary, and do all my own work; and, oh, what a happy home I shall have. What a happy mother I shall be. And for this girl, to whom we shall owe everything, I will beseech God day and night for her sake, and teach my children to name her in every prayer. And the widow and the orphan shall bring down blessings on her head."

* * * * *

Not long afterward Marion Lynch heard this story with tears of grateful joy, that God had given her grace to do so good a deed in this world. Six months after the conversation with which our story commences the cousins sat alone together in the parlor.

Laura Jennings had been giving her cousin a most brilliant description of the charming time she had had at Newport and Saratoga, and concluded her lively recital with an interrogation,

"Don't you wish you had been with me, Marion?"

"I should have enjoyed it intensely, no doubt.

"And don't you regret now, my dear, that refined conscientiousness that made you resign the property Uncle Gerald left you?"

The faces of the pale young mother and the sweet children rose and stood as in a vision before Marion Lynch. "Oh, no, not for a moment, Laura," she answered, her face thrilling into new light with some feeling behind it.

"And you would do the same thing over again if you were to go back to that time?" persisted the astonished, half incredulous cousin.

"I would do the very same thing right over again."

"Well, Marion, I must say you are a mystery to me."

And Marion's reward was one that her cousin knew not of.

THE DOCKS AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.—The well-known town of Portsmouth, in England, is not only a thriving business place and a commercial port of considerable extent, but it is the chief station of the British navy, and has, on this account, been so strongly fortified that it is deemed by many high authorities to be absolutely impregnable. The fortifications are bastioned ramparts faced with masonry, and inclose the whole town, to which entrance is permitted by four carriage ways; and outworks, in the form of trenches, are arranged to protect the inner line of walls. The harbor is only two hundred and twenty yards wide at the entrance, but broadens to a width of about six miles; and on the waters of this naturally secure bay, the whole British navy can safely find anchorage.

MEN must not be browbeaten for differing with you. Even when they are manifestly wrong, patience with them and gentleness are far more likely to remedy their error than taunt and ridicule.

## FACETIÆ

A MEAN AGE—The average.

A DIGESTIBLE MEAL—Oat meal.

LIGHT-HEADED—A street lamp.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS—Fleas.

VESSELS OF WRATH—Family jars.

HOW TO RAISE A DINNER—Go to sea.

"THE UNLUCKY NINE"—The canine.

THE MATRON'S LAMENT—Let us sweep.

MOST any weather is colder than blazes.

A COLOR NEVER SEEN—Blind man's buff.

NOBODY is too small for a coroner to sit on.

CHICANERY—To palm off old hens as fricasseed chickens.

A DARKEY says: "All men are made of clay, and, like meerschaum pipes, are more valuable when colored."

PUNCH'S mental philosophy: What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the nature of the soul? It is immaterial.

AN epitaph in a rural churchyard runs thus: "Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

A FORTUNE awaits the genius who will invent a way of making babies consume their own cry. Where families might be too poor to procure them for themselves, neighborly bachelors and old maids would interest themselves in seeing that one should be furnished, and no family would be without one.

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.—An Irishman, who had been doing some work for a gentleman, was given a small portion of whisky. This he speedily swallowed. He then looked at the glass and said, "Can yer honor tell me how they make thim glasses so nate?" The gentleman gave him the information how glass was blown. "Arrah, sure, thin," said Paddy, "he must have been mighty short i' the wind that blew that glass."

FIRING OFF A JACKASS.—A detachment of soldiers being suddenly attacked by the Indians, fired their mountain howitzer without removing it from the back of the mule that was carrying it, the result of which was that the mule and howitzer went rolling down the declivity toward the red men, who fled in consternation. One of the Indians being captured and asked why he ran so, replied: "Me big Injun! not afraid of little guns or big guns, but when white men load up and fire a whole jackass at Injun, me don't know what to do."

"MA, what's a rosy-posy?"

"A rosy-posy, my sweetsipeetsy? Wherever could you have heard that word? John, did you hear that little monkey's question?"

"Eh? Oh, yes!"

"Ma, what is a rosy-posy?"

"Why, you are a rosy-posy."

"And is Johanna a rosy-posy, too?"

"Johanna? No; why?"

"Why, because pa he pinched Johanna's cheeks yesterday behind the kitchen door while you was out, and he said, 'Oh, you rosy-posy, you!'—didn't you, pa?—and so Johanna must be a rosy-posy, too, ain't she, pa?"

## OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A body of water. 3. A river of the South. 4. A Confederate general. 5. A consonant. Centrals form a river of the South.

LITTLE ONE.

### HIDDEN RIVERS.

1. I saw a big bug.
2. The city was behind us.
3. Will is on a spree.
4. Hit him a dig, Ed.
5. Ned is to go home to-morrow.
6. Shall you to Macon go?
7. Can you tell Jo's age?
8. Pa, rather go now.
9. You went to the pic-nic how, Anna?
10. Kick a man! WILLIE HOLMES.

### REBUS.

My first's the name of a little fish,
My second in summer's a welcome dish;
My third is a very common fruit,
My fourth will everybody suit;
My fifth's a product of the ground,
My sixth each day does bring around.
My seventh you should leave alone—
Initials form a kind of stone.

FORT TOTTEN.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pleasure, but not in sorrow;
My next is in trust, but not in borrow;
My third is in night, but not in day;
My fourth is in kneel, but not in pray;
My fifth is in Saturday, but not in POST;
My sixth is in humble, but not in boast.
My whole was a hero, well-known to fame,
And all Americans revere his name.

GAHMER.

### ENIGMAS.

1.

Winter's frost can never freeze me,
Summer's sun ne'er melt;
And yet I do not last a day,
Am seen, but never felt.

2.

In motion I am always rapid;
In work, advantage's gained by me;
While help so oft through me afforded—
'Tis unbecoming, ladies, to be me.

Obliged though some are to observe me,
Yet still they of me nothing see;
My use to keep them in subjection—
By rule they always there do me.

I'm said to be a trusty fellow;
Immovable you may find me.
In person, though I'm not deemed pleasant,
Keep firm, where you have hold on me.

JESSY.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 31.]

**Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 25, Vol. 34.**

CHARADES.—1. Snow-drop. 2. Tartar.

PUZZLES.—1. Medicine. 2. A Christmas Box.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Why, Christmas! 2. When he alters cases.

RIDDLE.—A husband.

### POOR LITTLE WAIF.

BY C. E. A.

"Only a waif of the streets!"
The words fell heavy as lead
From the lips of a lady, lovely and proud,
Who caught her skirts, as she passed in the crowd,
From the wan little thing, who but said—
"A penny, please, for the crossing sweep,
My mother and me from starving to keep!"

You never knew, or dreamed,
That perhaps a breaking heart
Had received from you, in your thoughtless scorn,
The final blow which had coldly torn
Its last poor string apart:
Never thought of it, night or day,
When you dance or sing, or when you pray.

"Only a waif of the streets;"
Oh! you of power and place,
If you must refuse your petty alms
To poor little quivering childish palms,
Do it with pitying grace;
Not with a word that may stab with its spleen—
Not with a scorn that may scathe unseen.

# PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

# The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 64. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE MOUND.

The reader has already a good general idea of the adventures of the captives, since we last saw them at the Indian camp, during the attack of the rangers.

It may be best, however, to return to them, and give their experience in detail.

Miss Amberly and her maid had been saved from the fatigue of a long walk over the rough floor of the forest, by their canoe voyage northward from the camp. But a mental trouble still greater replaced it. They were separated from their friends, with no assurance of again joining them. They were in the hands of unknown savages, without the partial feeling of safety they had felt in the presence of the wounded chief. Miss Amberly's enterprise had utterly failed. The papers so important to her father were still in her possession. The court-martial might be convened, he might be condemned to death, might be executed, and she a helpless prisoner in the hands of the savages. She was not aware what restrictions the law placed upon the power of her father's foes, and imagined the most dreadful consequences of her captivity.

It was with a sore heart that she beheld the distance between herself and safety increasing. She had not been without hope that the escaped scouts might accomplish her deliverance, but the hope was rapidly changing to despair.

With dry but burning eyes she gazed upon the water gliding under their keel, upon the dense woods constantly opening new vistas to her gaze, upon the savage faces of her captors, and her heart throbbed with a pain and terror which she was too proud to let appear on her face.

Laura had less self-control. She was desperately frightened, and showed it by sobbing, by plaintive appeals to their captors, by angry remonstrance; all of which efforts brought but a grin of derision to their faces.

The rejoining their friends on the mound removed one of the sources of dread that possessed them. The great chief was there, too; and a slight feeling of hope returned to their hearts.

The surface of the mound was about fifty feet in diameter, apparently a perfect circle, with a wall of bushes around its outer edge. Inside the bushes it was cleared, while several bark lodges betokened an extended occupation.

The wounded savages, from whom they had parted at the camp, were the sole visible occupants of this space.

Lone Star was among them, and advanced with some animation to assist Miss Amberly up the hill.

Her first impulse was to decline this assistance, but a second thought warned her that it was folly to lose a friend whom chance had raised up among her foes. She gave him her hand, though little needing the proffered assistance, and soon reached the summit of the strange elevation.

Her fellow captives were not at first visible, but they soon appeared in the door of one of the lodges, their hands still bound, a look of joy upon their faces.

Short a time as he had been in her presence, few words as had passed between them, Frank Allen felt attracted toward this unfortunate lady as no woman had ever before drawn him. What the feeling was he could not have himself told, whether love or admiration, but his heart leaped at the sight of her, his eye kindled with animation, in a manner unwonted to the brave soldier.

Nor was the feeling unreciprocated. Her own soul felt strangely drawn toward this friend of her friend, her pleasure in his welcome was doubly that felt towards Captain Wilson. The difference in manner was so evident that the latter noted it, and a pang of jealousy shot through his heart at this plain preference.

He was a year long admirer of the lady, and to see a new comer of a few hours' acquaintance gain a superior footing in her esteem was galling to the lover. He had deemed her heart securely his, though without assurance from her. It was not pleasant to see so rare a prize slipping from him.

Darkness was already settling upon the mound. Night rolled on over the earth, hardly repelled by the rays of the fire which the savages had kindled. Sleep followed in its train.

The next day rose bright and clear, and passed onward from morning to noon, without further adventure to the captives. They were allowed to move freely about the mound, their movements being seemingly unnoticed.

Much of important conversation passed between them, on subjects fraught with vital interest to them all. Hopes of escape or of rescue might be entertained, but dread of torture, of murder, of evils indescribable, must intrude upon those hopeful thoughts. The faces of their savage guards seemed capable of any outrage, however inhuman.

The trust which Nellie Amberly placed in the good wishes of the wounded chief was but a leaning upon a fragile reed. What dark intentions might sleep beneath his apparent kindness no one could tell.

The intimate relations into which she was thrown with her two companions, the reliance she was obliged to place in them, the hopeful assurances she received from them, tended to break down any feeling of restraint. It seemed as if her acquaintance with Captain Allen had lasted for years rather than hours.

Captain Wilson, despite his incipient jealousy, was forced to yield somewhat to the importunities of Laura, who attached herself to him as if her last hope of safety lay in his courage and wisdom. The critical nature of their position broke down all feeling of difference of station.

His rival was thus enabled to make rapid progress in the good wishes of the lady.

Noon had passed, the sun was westering in the sky. They had eaten with little appetite the frugal meal which their captors had set before them.

They were gathered near the edge of the slope, looking with wistful gaze over the broad expanse of woods, whose tree-tops were opposite their eyes.

"I had so hoped to aid my poor father in his troubles," said Nellie, in a voice that was almost a sob. "I was so glad, so full of joy, with the thought of helping him—and now." She broke down. She could say no more.

"Do not take it so to heart," said Captain Wilson. "We have good friends who will not let us remain captive. You can help your father yet."

"I fear not," she sadly replied. "I have heard of what Indian captivity is. And my father is dealing with a personal enemy. Colonel Brownson will do his utmost to hasten his ruin. I know the penalty of his offence is death."

"But such a penalty is not enforced except in extreme cases."

"This is an extreme case," she continued. "Captain Allen told me that he was accused of stirring up an Indian war. Oh that I was near him! They will surround him with false charges, will murder him with false witnesses."

"The sentence of death cannot be given except by a general court-martial," said Frank. "That cannot be convened at Nacogdoches without delay. Nor can it be executed without being confirmed by the highest authorities in the State. They cannot injure your father without President Lamar's knowledge and consent."

"I fear you may be mistaken in the law, sir," she sorrowfully replied. "Nor do you know what an enemy may do. I would give all that I possess to have these papers placed in my father's hands. Alas! I offer but little. I possess nothing now, not even liberty or happiness."

"You possess the soul of a noble woman," said Frank Allen. "You possess a heart which any man might be proud and happy to win."

These words were spoken in a low tone, but they reached the ears of Captain Wilson, as well as of her for whom they were intended.

The jealous officer curled his lip angrily, but kept silent.

"I fear you mock me, sir, "she said, somewhat sadly.

"Mock you, Miss Amberly!" he cried, in earnest tones. "Your hand—your love—the best of men might be glad to win."

"My hand!" she replied, with a burst of emotion. "Can any one desire so poor a boon? I offer it freely, fully, to the man who will save my father. Captain Wilson, Captain Allen, you may have chances of escaping which will not offer themselves to a woman. Which of you will take these papers, and release my father from his captivity?"

"And leave you alone among these savages?" said Frank, reproachfully.

"Think not of me. You may rescue me afterwards. I fear no harm to myself."

"And your hand will be the reward of success?" asked Captain Wilson, cautiously.

"Yes! yes! If you ask that meed."

"I take your gage," said Captain Wilson. "If it be possible I will save your father."

She looked questioningly towards the other officer. He did not speak. The look upon his face seemed to say: "If it be possible I will save yourself."

A pained expression crossed her face. She felt for the valuable papers in her bosom.

"When the opportunity comes," she said, in a firm voice, "my champion shall be provided with the papers. My word shall be kept to the man who saves my father, if the poor meed I offer be deemed of any value."

A look of energy and decision came upon Captain Wilson's face. The expression upon his rival's features was inscrutable. A half sigh broke from Miss Amberly's lips as she saw how her impulsive offer was received. The chosen champion of her heart was plainly not he who had offered his services.

Their conversation was interrupted by a sudden excitement among the Indians. They all gathered to one side of the mound, and looked eagerly down. Exclamations of surprise and alarm broke from their lips.

The captives turned concerned looks upon them. Was help or disaster to themselves meant by this strange behavior of their captors?

Lone Star approached them with a hasty step.

"Quick!" he said. "Into wigwam. Squaws in here! Men in here!" pointing to two neighboring lodges.

"What is wrong?" asked Miss Amberly, with easy assurance, for she felt that the Indian was her friend.

"Cherokees come. They may be mad. Don't want them see prisoners till see what bring them."

It was, then, to save them from possible danger that he wished.

They entered the places of shelter without further question, consenting to what seemed an unnecessary separation. Doubtful as they were of the designs of the chief, there was no assurance how long such a separation might continue.

From their shelter they could see the arrival of the savages who had turned back on the trail of Jack Gray and his companions.

Hasty questions were asked, and answers given. A consultation ensued, in which the chief took a prominent part. The whole was in the Cherokee tongue, and the prisoners were unable to learn how near rescue was approaching them.

The council lasted for half an hour, at the end of which time the movements of the savages signified that some important action was in contemplation.

The captives were for a considerable time in doubt as to the nature of these movements. Finally they saw preparations making to convey the wounded Indians down the hill.

This had hardly been effected, ere they were themselves advised by Lone Star to prepare for departure.

Nellie again ventured on questioning him as to their destination. This time she received no answer. There was a frown on his brow as he turned away. Evidently the enforced flight did not please him.

The reader has seen the result of this movement; the embarking; the landing on the other side of the river; the unbinding of the male prisoners; the march into the woods.

They turned a long look back at the mound before sinking out of sight in this unknown forest.

The hill summit had seemed to them a prison before. Now it seemed a refuge from which they were being borne into forest depths beyond all reach of hope.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

Nellie Amberly was young and strong, yet she had been accustomed to walking on smooth floors and level streets. She was already wearied by the unusual labors of the last two days, and this fresh journey, through rough woods, was very fatiguing to her.

The ground here, like that of all the surrounding country, was generally level. But it had its slight undulations, its occasional sudden depressions and rises, while here a fallen bough, there a patch of running vines, made the way difficult. It was primeval forest, as yet untouched by the pruning hand of man.

Deeper in the wood these obstructions became less numerous, the ground grew hard, level and bare of undergrowth, and walking was much less impeded.

Still their progress was slow. Their Indian guides had not the strength of sound men. They walked with unusual slowness for savages, apparently husbanding their strength for a long journey.

The captives were well contented with a slow progress. They felt that every step took them farther from hopes of rescue. It was a sorrowful journey for them, toward a distant and perilous goal, and they naturally inclined to lag.

Frank Allen, who alone had some knowledge of the country and of woodcraft, noted with surprise that their route did not lead up the course of the river, as he had expected, but verged rather southwardly, and towards the depths of the forest.

It turned still more to the south as they proceeded. On reaching a point about a mile south, and some two miles inward from the river, the line halted.

There was now some conversation among the Indians, which ended in two of them stepping from the line, and one of them taking Laura by the arm and drawing her towards him.

She was dreadfully frightened by this proceeding, and resisted with all her strength, appealing in her fright to her mistress not to let them take her.

The savage laid his hand, with a significant gesture on his hatchet, which added to her terror.

"What does this mean?" asked Miss Amberly, indignantly, of the chief.

"No hurt the Black Hair," replied Lone Star. "Want her go with warriors a piece—that all."

"I don't want to go with them! I won't go with them!" cried Laura, with returning courage.

"You go with warriors," said the chief, sternly. "They no hurt. Only make trail. Bring you back soon."

Laura still resisted, hardly hearing these words. But the savage who held her grasped his hatchet with a still fiercer look. It was evident from his face that the impulsive fury of the Indian nature was being aroused in him.

Lone Star walked back, and laid his hand on the Indian's arm with a touch of authority. The latter released his grasp.

"You go with warrior," he again said. "No fooling. Indian no like fooling. No hurt you. Dove Finger tell you that."

"She will be brought back? It is only to make a false trail you want?" asked Frank.

"That all. Back in hour."

"Your maid had better go, Miss Amberly," said Frank. "These Indians have the power, and are hasty in the use of it. I do not think they will harm her."

"No hurt her," replied Lone Star.

Laura looked appealingly into her mistress' face. The look there advised her to yield, that resistance was idle. With a quaking heart she turned to obey.

The party went southward through the forest, and were soon lost among the trees, Laura looking fearfully toward her friends as long as she remained in sight.

The ground they now stood on was hard, dry soil, without grass or green leaves. No marks of their footsteps could be seen on such a surface.

The remaining party now turned north, walking with great deliberation and care, while the hindmost savage carefully obliterated every trace of a trail left by the heavy footsteps of the pioneers.

For half a mile they proceeded thus, leaving no mark that the keenest eye could have detected. They now halted, seating themselves upon the ground, and advising their captives to follow their example.

"Wait for Black Hair," said Lone Star, in response to Miss Amberly's question.

Their waiting continued for an hour, at the end of which time Laura reappeared, accompanied by only one of her guards. The other failed to appear.

Her disconsolate face lighted with a sudden glow on again beholding her friends. She had apparently feared that she would never again see them.

She hurried to Miss Amberly's side with excited air, pouring out the story of her adventure in utter heedlessness of the listening savages.

The Indian who accompanied her seemed giving a report of his performance to Lone Star.

It appeared, from her story, that they had gone south through the woods about two miles, stepping freely on grass and moss, as if to make a plain trail, though the two Indians stepped in the same tracks so as to make it seem as if one only had passed.

Her own footsteps were trodden out, except in two or three places, where she had been made to leave a distinct footprint.

Finally they had stopped, and, after some talk between the two Indians, one of them had gone on. The other now bade her turn back, and walked behind her, carefully effacing every mark that either of them made.

She had been fearfully afraid, she said, and her heart jumped for joy when she saw them again.

The savages seemed now preparing for a continued journey.

"Their plan is plain enough," said Frank to his fellow-captives. "They wish to make it appear that we have gone south. Laura was taken along that the marks of a woman's foot might be discovered. Only a few impressions were left, as if the others had been carefully trodden out, and these left only by accident. Any pursuers, on finding these, will be sure they have our trail, and will follow the Indian who has gone on. They will imagine that the trail of the women has been more successfully obliterated."

"But there will be only one footstep. Will not that lead to suspicion?" asked Captain Wilson.

"Probably not. A dozen Indians, stepping in each other's tracks, will make no more impressions than one. It is often hard to tell, from an Indian footprint, whether one or more has passed."

"And this Indian will return?" asked Miss Amberly.

"He will probably proceed for a number of miles before turning back. I apprehend we shall see him by to-night."

Nellie Amberly's heart sank within her, as she understood the shrewd plan of her captors to baffle pursuit. It seemed as if all hope of rescue was lost, as if the keenest scouts would be led astray by this false trail.

A command from Lone Star now admonished them that they were about to proceed again.

The captives rose reluctantly, and resumed their former places in the line. The sad progress was resumed.

These movements had consumed much of the remaining portion of the day. The afternoon was half spent when they again set out. Their savage guards walked with yet greater deliberation than before, carefully seeking the driest and hardest ground, and taking great pains to obliterate any footprint that was visible to their keen eyes.

For a number of miles this slow progress continued, until the westering sun began to withdraw his rays, and shoot only slant and occasional lines through the forest.

The character of the soil now changed. They had been proceeding through a forest largely composed of pines. Trees that need more generous nutrition now replaced them. Much more undergrowth displayed itself. Grass and young plants bovered the ground. Bushes and running vines grew here and there. In some places thickets of bushes replaced the trees of the forest.

It was obvious that it would not be so easy here to hide their footprints. But the savages seemed satisfied that they had already done sufficient to evade pursuit. They walked forward with less care as to their trail, except that with instinctive caution, they continued to tread in each other's steps.

Lone Star finally ordered a halt. They were now in a sheltered place, behind a clump of bushes, with a stream prattling down near by them.

The day had been fine, and rather warm, but the wearied captives found a slight chill in the evening air, which was pleasantly corrected by the warmth of the fire, which one of the savages proceeded to build.

There was plenty of dry wood to be gathered, and soon a crackling fire was kindled.

The next duty of the savages was to cook their supper. They had brought provisions with them sufficient for their journey.

Lone Star now approached Miss Amberly, where she sat silent and disconsolate.

"Dove Finger, look at arm?" he asked. "Indian no touch it soft. Dove Finger good medicine."

It was with some distaste to the occupation that she forced herself to comply with his wishes. She called Laura to her aid in removing the bandages. The wound had been dressed, apparently by some of the Indians, in green leaves, that were simply laid upon it, forming part of the primitive, but effective, medical system of the savages.

The wound looked well, and seemed inclined to rapidly heal, though a slight inflammation marked its edges, probably a result of the chief's exertion.

"It soon get well," said Lone Star, touching the wound as if to try how sensitive it was. "Indian good blood. No keep sore long."

"It has done very well," replied his nurse, as she proceeded deftly to replace the bandages, applying some fresh leaves which one of the Indians brought her.

"The chief will soon use his arm again," she continued. "I hope he is not going to keep us prisoners long. My father is in trouble, and I so want to go to him."

"It long way," said the chief. "Dove Finger no walk far. Give chief papers. He send them to Major Amberly."

"I have walked this far," she replied. "I could walk back. Lone Star is trifling with me."

"Lone Star no king," replied the wily savage. "Cherokee no like Major Amberly. I no dare let daughter go. She kind to me. I her friend. Other Indians scalp her if catch her."

Nellie shuddered at this terrible hint. She felt that her former kindness to the chief had gained them all protection and favor in his sight. Indeed there was something in the occasional glance which he cast upon her that indicated a stronger feeling. He seemed to be entertaining hopes the knowledge of which would have stricken his captives with horror.

"There is no possibility of aiding my father," she said, sadly, when the Indian had left her to attend to some other duty. "But night is coming. Night may give opportunities of escape. Which of you will undertake, if the chance arises, to deliver these papers to my father? I need not repeat what was said on the mound."

Her eyes were turned on Frank Allen as she spoke. He remained impassive, giving no answer to her words. Captain Wilson extended his hand.

"I will take them," he said.

A momentary sense of pain flitted over her features. She turned and handed him the papers, the attention of their guards being for the moment distracted.

Night was now rapidly falling. Their supper disposed of, and the fire replenished, the Indians disposed themselves for sleep, first firmly binding their captives.

It was no custom of theirs to place sentinels or guards. They trusted to the efficiency of bonds, and yielded to slumber, with perfect security in the safe detention of their captives.

Yet like many another Indian guard they calculated too securely. The morning light revealed that one of their captives was missing. Captain Wilson had escaped in the night.

How, there was nothing to show. He had somehow shed his bonds, and slipped through the line of sleeping savages. Pursuit was useless. He was probably miles away, and the Indians had no men to spare.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### FORTUNES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Washington left an estate worth nearly $300,000.

The elder Adams left a moderate fortune at his death.

Jefferson died comparatively poor. If Congress had not purchased his library at a price far above its value—$20,000—he would with difficulty have kept out of bankruptcy at the close of his life.

Madison saved his money and was comparatively rich. The fortune of his widow was increased by the purchase of his manuscript papers by Congress for $30,000.

James Monroe, the sixth President, died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives, in a cemetery between Second and Third streets, near the Bowery, in New York city.

John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of industry, prudence, and a small inheritance. He was methodical and economical.

Andrew Jackson left a valuable estate known as the Hermitage, about twelve miles from Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren died rich. His estate was estimated at nearly $300,000.

James K. Polk left about $150,000.

John Tyler was a bankrupt when he became President. He husbanded his means while in office, married a rich wife, and died wealthy in worldly fortune.

Zachary Taylor left about $150,000.

Millard Fillmore died a wealthy man.

Franklin Pierce saved $50,000 during his term of service as President.

James Buchanan died a bachelor, and left an estate valued at $200,000 at the least.

Abraham Lincoln left about $75,000.

GOOD MANNERS, as has been pithily said, are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing to others as we would wish to be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile, a kind word, these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed.


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### MAY

is designed for an active being, and his spirit ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

NOTHING on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels, in the grave, will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deed thou hast done in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blessed."


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## The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We have received some pretty patterns of suits for little girls and boys, some of which we will describe for the benefit of the mammas among our readers. There is nothing especially novel in the shape, the kilt skirt having precedence for both sexes. There is much that is pretty in the different modes of trimming these little suits. To commence with the little girls, of course.

A costume of gray vigogne was cut all in one piece in front, and buttoned from the throat to the bottom of the skirt. The back was in two pieces, skirt and body; the latter fitted to the figure, and had side-bodies. The skirt was put on in large box plaits; the joining of the skirt to the waist finished by a belt, to which, inside, were attached at each end tapes which tied in front under the loose front. A deep sailor collar, and square, upturned cuffs upon the coat sleeves, trimmed with a bias band of maroon-colored faille, stitched down on each side with gray silk, completed the costume. A band of the faille was placed down each side of the front, and the buttons were maroon-colored. A wide sash of silk of the same color was laid in folds around the waist, and tied in a loose knot behind.

A street suit for a little boy was of fawn-colored cloth, cut in the front like a loose paletot, with a double row of smoked pearl buttons down the centre. Large square pockets were placed on each side of the front. The back bias was full, and laid in deep kilt plaits, confined at the waist with a band of the material, bound and trimmed with black mohair braid, and ornamented in the centre with a buckle. The same braid trimmed the skirt up the front around the pockets, the deep-pointed cuffs of the sleeves, and the pointed collar about the neck; four rows around each.

A street costume for a little girl of eight or nine was of dark blue vigogne, or camel's hair serge. The underskirt was plain, trimmed with two bands of gray cony fur. The same fur trimmed the neck of the dress, around the shoulders, also, to simulate a cape, and at the wrists, extending up the outer seam of the sleeve, until it nearly reached the elbow. The overskirt was a deep round apron, with a simple bias fold of the material around it, piped top and bottom with gray faille; sash of gray faille, striped with fine close stripes of dark blue; muff of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with three bands of the cony fur; hat of dark blue felt, turned up all round, edged with a fold of gray velvet, and with two tips, one blue, the other gray, falling over the crown.

A charming suit of olive-colored faille was made in this manner:

The underskirt was quite long and full—it was intended for house wear, not the promenade—a row of knife-blade pleatings was put around the bottom; then a space of six or eight inches, and another row of knife-blade pleating; another space, and a shirring of the silk, divided into two puffs, with a ruffle top and bottom.

The overdress was long in the front, and rounded with a knife-blade pleating at the bottom; it was drawn tightly away towards the back in upturned folds, and caught together just below the waist, and bouffante formed by the underskirt being drawn up by two very large bows of faille ribbon, fully nine or ten inches wide. Down each side, over the apron, was placed a straight width of the faille, laid in five deep kilt plaits; reaching to the top of the second row of knife-blade pleating on the underskirt. The waist was trimmed with a puffing, and a bias band or fold of the same, which passed over the shoulders in the form of bretelles. A pleated frill, six inches deep, was attached to a belt, and worn to simulate the skirt of a basque. A longitudinal puffing extended the length of the sleeve, and a pleated frill fell over the head. A bow of faille was placed on the outer seam, just above the frill. A high round collar, set low down in a V shape at the back of the neck, ended in double revers upon the bust.

Another toilette of silk and cashmere, the underskirt silk, the upper cashmere, was made with the front breadths laid in straight kilt pleats, the back trimmed with two rows of knife-blade pleating.

The overdress, of cashmere, opened down the front, and was shirred into a band, which was covered with a knife-blade pleat of the silk; this latter was continued about the bottom of the overskirt, and up each side of the back, which was also cut open, and afterwards caught together with two bows of the silk. The basque fitted closely, and had the two tabs at the back, turned over in the form of revers, and caught together by a bow of faille ribbon. The side flaps extended down upon the hips, and had each a square pocket upon it. Round standing collar, ending in revers, and a double bow of faille ribbon.

A hat of gray felt, with a deep upturned rim of black velvet, was trimmed at the left side with two upright loops of velvet, a tiny but brilliant humming bird; while over the crown fell a long, gray ostrich plume, and in front a small curled tip of black feathers. Next to the hair, under the rim, was placed a scarf of gray twilled silk, tied at the left side in a double bow.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Fancifully shaped and ornamented slippers, with wickedly high heels, are *en regle* for the house. Some come up very high on the instep, others are cut open, scalloped on either side, and caught together again just above the instep with buckles of pearl, steel, or fire gilt.

Little bouquets of artificial flowers are worn in the hair, upon the breast, or in the folds of one's necktie. Violets, surrounded by their own leaves, and perfumed so naturally that it is hard to distinguish them from real blossoms. Rose buds, jessamine and heliotrope also perfumed. Those for the hair are attached to long pins.

Handkerchiefs of fine sheer linen cambric, cut round instead of square, and embroidered above the hem with an arabesque of mingled scarlet and pale blue, are very stylish for morning and the promenade. The monogram is in the centre, also of scarlet and blue.

Ruches are still in favor, also high collars, round at the back, and with broken points in front.

Pretty setts for morning wear of linen, edged with Irish guipure, the collarette opening low down upon the bosom and finished with a blue or pink bow faille, are among the novelties.

Sashes for babies or very small children are made of alternate stripe of gros grain ribbon, an inch wide, and Valenciennes insertion. Wide Valenciennes edges the ends.

Pale pink coral, combined with pearls and set in Etruscan gold, is very fashionable. Small pendants of coral and gold fringe the breastpin and earrings.

The newest sealskin turban is high, and indented down the middle.

Linen and lawn neckties, embroidered in colors, are considered elegant for morning wear abroad.

The newest thing in lockets is to have the monogram or a word, such as "l'amour," "amitie," "mispah," in raised letters of frosted silver or red gold upon the yellow Etruscan surface.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS A. R. H. (Clarksburgh, W. Va.) Sent braid, per express, 6th inst. Hope you received it safely.

MISS L. C. R.—You can have the hair braid dyed here very readily. Send it with sample of the color you desire.

KITTIE L.—Dark violet colored velvet combined with pale blue faille, would be very stylish, and, without doubt, a becoming costume for your style of beauty.

MRS. R. G.—We have several new patterns for children's suits. The kilt skirt for little girls seems to be the universal style. Very elaborate dressing is not considered to be in good taste for the little maidens now.

ANNETTE DEL.—You are correct in saying our patterns and toilettes described are French. We have the very best and latest advices concerning the modes every week from Paris. We are very careful to quote from none but the most reliable authority. NINON.

### LOVE'S REASONS.

BY S. L. WALLIS.

"Tell the reason?"—Nay, my sweet!—
Potent as the cause may be,
Ask me not: for well I weet
Love and logic ill agree!

Love has reasons, all his own,
Were he willing to confess;
But he fears to make them known,
Saying, shrewdly, "Let them guess!"

Well he knows, though he may deem
All his reasons good and strong;
Something other they must seem
To the unimpassioned throng.

So, my darling, prithee, take
What of bliss the god may bring;
Nor aspire—for Cupid's sake—
To be wiser than the king!

Thankful for the blessing lent,
(What beyond is worth a sight!)
Let us love—and be content,
Careless of the how and why.

### MONEY! MONEY!

BY C. J. P.

"I had almost forgotten to ask you," said Mrs. Jones, in her most amiable tone, as Mr. Jones drew on his gloves, preparatory to his departure for business, "for some money."

"Almost!" he exclaimed, "it would be very difficult to make me believe that, for I have seen 'money' in your eyes, and on the tip of your tongue, for the last hour. But why you didn't ask for it before I put on my gloves, I can't imagine. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to be asked for money after I get on my gloves."

"Then why, if you saw so clearly that I wanted some, did you not offer it to me?" asked his wife. "The truth is, I dislike very much to ask you for money, and I often go without any, rather than speak to you on the subject."

"Why didn't you do so to-day?" he inquired.

"Because to-day," she replied, "it is very necessary for me to have some. Not only have I the gas bill to pay—which is higher than last quarter—but I have to purchase some dresses for the children."

"Oh, never mind about the children's dresses," he answered, "let them go. But what makes the gas bill so high this quarter?"

"I really do not know," his wife replied; "though, to be sure, we have had a great deal of company lately, and you have been up late at night writing."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "that won't account for it. I believe the servants burn it late; and if they do, it is your fault."

"I do not think, my dear, that the servants are at all wasteful of it."

"Then there is something the matter with the confounded meter," he said. "I'll tell you what I will do. I'll go directly down to the Gas Office, and enter a complaint about the meter." And he put on his hat resolutely, and opened the door to depart.

"But you are not going without leaving me some money, I hope?" she said.

"There it is again!" he exclaimed; "money! money! it is always money with you women. Well, how much do you want? Come, don't keep me standing here forever, when you know I'm in a hurry."

"Can you spare me fifty dollars?" she asked.

"No!" he answered.

"Twenty-five then?" she suggested.

"Scarcely," he replied; "but there are fifteen; and, now, don't ask me for money again for a week."

"But what shall I do about the children's clothing?" she inquired. "After paying the gas bill, I shall not have much left."

"They look well enough to me," he said. "I don't see why their clothes are not good enough for the present."

"If you had to attend to the mending of their clothes, as I do, you wouldn't ask me why I wanted to get them new ones."

"Well," he said, "here are fifteen more; but don't for goodness sake, ask me for money again until——"

"Until," she interrupted, smiling, "I want a new bonnet—which will be next week."

"My dear," said Mr. Jones, impressively, "don't speak to me of bonnets. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to hear about a new bonnet."

"But I am very economical as regards bonnets, you know, my dear," she said. "I only have four a year, whereas most ladies have a dozen."

"A dozen!" he exclaimed, astonished; "why that is equal to one a month. It is preposterous! Does your milliner have many such customers?"

"Oh, yes; Madame —— assures me that there are some of her customers who have a new bonnet every month."

"I am very thankful, my dear," he said, "that you are not one; but, it appears to me, that even four bonnets a year are more than you can afford to have, especially in such hard times as these are, when every one should study economy. Don't you think you can manage with two a year?"

"I really don't see how it would be possible," she replied; "because every three months the fashions change, and I should not like to be out of the fashion."

"Well, the fact is, my dear," he replied, "that we must economize somewhere; and I think we can best dispense with new bonnets. As for being in the fashion, it is all nonsense. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is seeing you studying the fashions."

"I am not for ever studying the fashions," she answered, with spirit; "it is rarely indeed that I see them. If you want to economize, why don't you leave off smoking cigars and drinking wine? You men are always accusing us of being extravagant, and spending our time before the mirror; but in my opinion and in that of all the thinking portion of my sex, too, we are seldom as extravagant or as vain as your sex. You'll spend almost as much for one dinner at Delmonico's, or Augustine's, as would suffice to feed your whole family well for a week. As for vanity, I have never seen the greatest coquettes stand longer before a mirror than I have seen you when engaged in tying an elaborate knot in your cravat."

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "what an inventive faculty you possess! It is a wonder to me you have never essayed to write a romance. In the first place, I don't wear a cravat—it is simply a scarf; and in the next place, I don't tie it, but fasten it with a gold pin."

"Well, all I can say is," rejoined his wife, "that you spend an unnecessary amount of time before the glass in pinning your scarf."

"You certainly would provoke the best man living," he exclaimed; "and just now, when I have given you fifty dollars to buy knick-knacks with, I shouldn't think you'd want to vex me."

"You only gave me thirty!" cried the excellent woman; "and part of that is to pay the gas bill, and with the rest I must purchase clothing for the little ones. I am sure I don't know what you mean by 'knick knacks.'"

"I am sure I'm not particular whether you do or not," he replied; "I've said it, and I'll hold to it—knick-knacks—now, then."

"I must have ten dollars more before you go, my dear," said Mrs. Jones, paying no attention to the last remark. "I had almost forgotten that I had promised to settle the grocery bill to-day."

"There it is again!" he exclaimed, "money! money! This is the third time I have been obliged this morning to take off my gloves so as to give you money. If I remain here much longer I shall not have enough left to ride down in the cars with. Here are ten dollars; take them, and don't ask for any more. Good-bye, my dear!"

"Good-bye," she replied. "Oh, dearest!" calling him back; "I wish you would call at Madam ——, select a handsome bonnet for me, pay for it, and tell her to send it up."

"Perhaps so," he answered.

"Now, do," she said, coaxingly. "And, dearest, come home early, for I shall have a nice dinner for you. Don't forget the bonnet, though!" she added, as he went out of the door.

Mr. Jones bought the bonnet!

### AN ADVENTURE IN CHICAGO.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

"This way for the Palmer House! A free ride!"

Such was the cry that fell upon my ear as I alighted from the train at the crowded and bustling depot.

It was night, and I was a stranger in the city—a countryman, and, to tell the truth, a little verdant.

The Palmer House I knew to be a first-class hotel, and to none other did I wish to go.

A free ride there was a temptation.

Of course, to secure guests, the proprietor provided hacks for the conveyance of travelers to the house. Such was my natural thought.

"This way for the Palmer House, sir," said a hackman, now directly addressing me.

The carriage-door was invitingly open. I was tired, hungry, and anxious to get into comfortable quarters.

I entered the vehicle, another man sprang in after me, the door was closed, and immediately we drove off.

Who my companion was of course I did not know.

He sat silent in one corner of the carriage, and I in another.

The roll and rumble of the wheels over the paved street had, in my tired condition, a tendency to lull me to slumber.

I nodded and drowsed, feeling quite at ease on the cushions which supported my weary frame, and gave me at the same time a sense of the most luxurious repose.

"I will only have to spring from the vehicle when we reach the hotel," I thought, "enter, register, and go at once to my room and to bed. Hungry I am, but no supper to-night for me."

The wheels rumbled monotonously along. Not so loudly as at first, I thought, or else I was losing my cognizance of the fact in the pleasant lassitude to which I had yielded.

I felt safe and secure—not a thought of danger once entered my mind. My companion, I charitably believed, was as respectable as myself.

Pretty soon I began to feel as if it was time the hotel was reached.

The distance from it to the depot I knew was not great, and at first, feeling so comfortable on the cushions, I had almost wished that it was greater.

But now I aroused myself in some anxiety.

A sudden secret thrill—it seemed as of warning—flashed through my being.

A voice seemed to whisper "danger" in my ear.

I felt in the pocket of my waistcoat—the inner pocket—in which I carried several thousand dollars. The money was there.

I felt also for my pistol.

It was in its proper place, and the touch of the weapon was as comforting as the clasp of the hand of a friend.

The carriage was now being driven with greater rapidity than ever, but the noise of the wheels was less.

*We had left the paved street, and were passing over a common road!*

Was I the victim of a plot? Had I been entrapped, and was I to be taken to some lonely spot and murdered for the money I carried? Perhaps I had been marked for such a fate, for in my business I was compelled to disclose, for credit's sake, the fact that I had a large sum in cash on my person. Or it may have been presumed that I had a considerable amount in hand, for the sharpers and adventurers of the rail and the city are shrewd in judging their prey.

My position was a most unpleasant one, but I resolved to face boldly whatever perils presented themselves.

Grasping my pistol, I said to my fellow-traveler, whose unconcern began to appear suspicious:

"It takes a long time to reach the hotel; we have driven not less than two miles, I judge. I shall order the driver to stop, and find out what it means."

"It's all right—it's all right; we'll soon be there," replied my companion, in a tone through which rung a devilish triumph in spite of his attempted composure.

His lying response nettled me.

"It is not all right!" I cried, drawing my pistol upon him. "Open that door!" I commanded.

"Open the door! Why should I do that?" he asked, in affected amazement, and cowering, too, for I had taken him at a disadvantage, and held the cold barrel of my pistol close to his head.

"Open that door, and, if you would save your life, leap out. If you don't, I'll shoot you!"

He hesitated, though the tone in which I spoke showed him my deadly earnestness. He doubtless thought of the danger that would attend a leap from the carriage while it was moving so swiftly.

"Take your chance," I said, referring to the fear that I knew was influencing his mind. "It is sure death to remain here. You are a murderous villain, and if you delay another minute I will send a ball through your brain."

He opened the door of the vehicle, paused, perhaps an instant, and then jumped out.

The carriage rolled on—the driver not appearing to notice the unceremonious exit of his confederate.

Perhaps he thought it was *I* who had fallen—my lifeless body. Aye! that *was* his thought, I did not doubt. His extreme surprise and terror, when, after he had driven probably a furlong further I called to him to stop, was proof sufficient to my mind of his dreadful presumption.

"Halt, you villain!" I cried, repeating my order, and noting, with great satisfaction, his ejaculations at being hailed by me, instead of his confederate.

The vehicle came to a stand.

I leaped from it, considering as I did so, whether I had better make my escape now while I could, and let the villain go, or attempt to compel him to take me back to the city.

I was plucky if I was a little unsophisticated, and I felt like bringing to justice at least one of my would-be murderers.

I resolved to make myself master of the man and his team and vehicle.

"You've waked up the wrong passenger," I cried. "Make room for me there beside you, and don't lift a hand against me, for I cover you with my pistol, and the first movement that I do not order will bring death upon you. Are you armed?"

There was no reply.

"Throw away your weapons!" I commanded. "Quick, or I fire."

I trusted to being able to get the first shot if, as he produced any weapon he might have, he tried to present it at me.

My stern, confident tones overawed him. He felt that I had the advantage. He put his hand to his bosom, and drew a pistol, but he had no opportunity to cock and present it. He could only toss it away as I had commanded.

"Now your bowie—you carry that," I said.

That also was thrown from him.

"Now I will get up," I said.

I did so, keeping my pistol turned upon him, ready to fire at the first hostile demonstration he might make. I took my seat beside him.

"Now drive back to the city," I ordered, sternly.

Completely cowed and mastered, the wretch obeyed.

I said nothing more to him, I did not taunt him with my triumph. But when we reached the city I delivered him to the police, telling the story of my adventure and escape.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate was never brought to punishment for the attempted crime. Since my adventure I have always been careful at night to enter no hack for a "free ride."

### COBBETT'S COURTSHIP.

The celebrated William Cobbett, the author of so many useful works, and who became member for Oldham, was originally a private soldier in the English army, and served in America during the War of Independence. It was when quite a young man, and while quartered in New Brunswick, that Cobbett met the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for about an hour one evening. Shortly afterwards, in the dead of winter, when the snow lay several feet thick on the ground, he chanced in his walk at break of day to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there was she, out in the cold, scrubbing a wash-tub. That action made her mistress of Cobbett's heart forever. No sooner was he out of hearing, than he exclaimed, "That's the girl for me!" She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and then only thirteen. To his intense chagrin, the artillery was ordered to England, and she had to go with her father. Cobbett by this time had managed to save one hundred and fifty guineas as a foot soldier—the produce of extra work. Considering that Woolwich, to which his sweetheart was bound, was a gay place, and that she there might find many suitors, who, moved by her beauty, might tempt her by their wealth, and unwilling that she should hurt herself with hard work, he sent her all his precious guineas, and prayed that she should use them freely, for he could get plenty more—to buy good clothes, and live in pleasant lodgings, and be as happy as she could until he was able to join her. Four long years elapsed before they met. Cobbett, when he reached England, found her maid-of-all-work, at five pounds a year! On their meeting, without saying a word about it, she placed in his hands the parcel of one hundred and fifty guineas unbroken. He obtained his discharge from the army, and married the brave and thrifty woman. She made him an admirable wife—never was he tired of speaking her praises; and whatever comfort and success he afterwards enjoyed, it was his delight to ascribe it to her care and her inspiration.

## Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

### SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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### CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

### PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will here, after execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

### CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

T. NEWLYN.—Next to London, the cities that have the largest population are Liverpool, Manchester Birmingham and Sheffield.

C. J. G.—Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, has two sons, Prince Humbert Remir Charles Emmanuel Jean Marie Ferdinand Eugene, heir apparent, born March 14, 1844, and Prince Amadeus Ferdinand Marie, Duke of Aosta, born May 30, 1845.

C. W. SMITH.—"Can you give me the explanation, or the origin of the saying "Eating humble pie?" "Humble pie" is an incorrect spelling of "umble-pie," a pie made of "umbles," plural noun, meaning a pie made of a deer's entrails. To eat umble-pie meant to eat the poorest dish.

R. D. S.—The game of railroad euchre is played in so many different ways, there being no regular established rules to govern it, that it is always better, before the game is commenced, to settle the disputed points to which you refer, and arrange beforehand just how you are to play. Unless this is done, there is sure to be trouble.

LITTLE ONE.—We have somehow overlooked your query, and must apologise for our neglect. You ask us "What is the tremola postis? Where does it grow, and to what genus (botanical) does it belong?" There is no such thing as "Tremola postis" known in botany that we can ascertain, by reference to works on the subject. Your question is a perfect "enigma" to us.

A. G. S.—The prevention of nightmare consists in the selection of proper food, and in duly attending to the state of the stomach. Heavy and late suppers should be particularly avoided, as well as all articles of diet that are not easily digested. A spoonful of magnesia or bicarbonate of soda, taken in a glass of cold water, on going to bed, is a good and simple preventive.

E. M.—You should have nothing to say to a gentleman who introduces himself to you, even though you may like his looks and think that he is a real gentleman. The very fact of his trying to force his acquaintance upon you in the very unwarrantable and impertinent manner you describe, is proof positive to us that whatever he may look like, he is *not* in reality a gentleman.

PORTIA.—By the aid of a grammar and dictionary, it is quite feasible for you to teach yourself French so as to be able to understand perfectly what you read; but you would feel yourself at a loss to comprehend any one who talked to you in that language, nor could you make yourself understood if you attempted to converse in French yourself. To learn properly you must have an instructor.

S. P. N.—Flirtation, whether seriously or lightly considered, is injurious to a woman as well as unbecoming in her. It is a broad, unblushing confession, which the individual makes of her desire to attract the notice of men. No girl ever made a happy union by flirtation; because no man capable of making a woman permanently happy, was ever attracted by that which is disgusting to persons of intelligence and refinement.

SIBLE.—We have no desire to take up the subject which you have given us for discussion, or to intrude our opinions upon others who may think differently on the matter. All we can say is that under proper surroundings, and if not indulged in to excess, we do not think there is anything wrong or improper in it. But in all such matters you must be guided by the wishes of your parents, and not act upon your own judgment in opposition to those whom you are bound to obey.

E. C.—In introducing ladies and gentlemen, the latter should be introduced to the former. The rule is, that the inferior in rank, official position, or social standing must always be introduced or presented to the superior; and in such matters the etiquette of social life always regards a lady as the superior of a gentleman. If the lady offers to shake hands with the gentleman who is introduced to her, he should shake hands with her; otherwise, he should not attempt the performance of such social gymnastics.

C. E. M.—The line "The child is father of the man" is to be found in Wordsworth's "My Heart Leaps Up," but he was no doubt indebted for the thought to Milton, for if you will look into the fourth book of "Paradise Regained," you find the same idea in the passage.

"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."

It has been said that the idea was not original even with Milton, the latter having borrowed it from Sir Thomas More.

INQUIRER.—The first cannons ever made or used, were formed of wood, wrapped in numerical folds of linen, and well secured by iron hoops. They were of a conical shape, widest at the muzzle. They afterwards received a cylindrical shape. Some attribute the invention of cannon to the Chinese, and say that there are now cannon in China which were made in the eighteenth year of the Christian era. From all accounts, it appears that the true epoch of the invention of cannon cannot be exactly determined. It is, however, certain that they were in use about the middle of the fourteenth century.

NOT A POLITICIAN.—Conservatives and Liberals are terms of comparatively modern date in English politics. The first, politically signifying an endeavor to preserve the ancient English institutions, sprang up as a party in 1830, and was substituted for the name of Orangemen, whose societies were at that time discouraged. The term "Liberal" explains itself, as being the principles of a party who are favorable to the extension of the political privileges of those classes of society who were formerly but little considered in English legislative enactments.

OLD SALT.—We thank you for your contribution to our "Sphinx" department, which you see we have inserted recently. About the Light-house Service of the United States, that establishment is under the Secretary of the Treasury, and not under the Secretary of the Navy Department. It exceeds in magnitude that of any other nation in the world, having to provide for the requirements of a coast line of over ten thousand miles in length, besides an extent of over four thousand five hundred miles on inland rivers—making a total of over fourteen thousand miles. There are now in use on this coast line, 540 light-houses, 23 light-ships, 42 fog-signals, 382 beacons and 2985 buoys.

R. M. S.—The Oneida Community was first organized at Putney, Vermont, and afterwards removed to Oneida, New York. They claim to have had great success in their experiment, but we have not at this moment any means of ascertaining and giving you their present numerical strength. To give you any really useful information on the subject you name would occupy more space than we have to spare. Read it up for yourself in any cyclopædia.

TOM.—"Please tell me with what countries we have extradition treaties, and what crimes are covered by these treaties?" The only countries that we are aware of with whom we have extradition treaties are Great Britain, France, Germany, Bavaria, Sweden and Norway, Hawaii Islands, Swiss Confederation, Austria and Columbia. The crimes usually taken cognizance of by these treaties are murder, rape, grand larceny, arson, forgery and counterfeiting. Some comprise all of these and others only a portion of them. Political offences are not considered in any of them.

ADDIE.—Yes, we are not in favor of the use of any kinds of powders or enamels, or anything of the kind for the skin. The use of enamel as a cosmetic affects the eyes, rendering them painful and watery. It changes the texture of the skin, on which it is apt to produce pimples; it also sometimes attacks the teeth, destroys the enamel, and even loosens them. It penetrates the pores of the skin, acting by degrees on the spongy substance of the lungs and inducing disease. Violet powder, or powdered magnesia is no further absolutely injurious than by stopping up the pores of the skin; but this is in our opinion quite injury enough to make us advise you or any one else not to use it. The best cosmetics are early hours, exercise and temperance.

KANSAS KIT.—"Can you tell me a simple way of making an aquarium, one that won't cost much, and it is possible to make without much trouble even in an out-of-the-way place like this, where I live." Cut a narrow groove in a board the size you wish; set four pieces of glass on edge in the grooves; put a piece of zinc in the bottom. On the board make a light frame the size of the top, with grooves; pass a small rod through the frame down the insides of the corners, through the bottom, and screw up tight. Put cement in all the corners, and you will have an aquarium that will not have cost you much, and that will look well. 2. Here is a water-proof cement suitable for the corners: "One part gutta percha; two parts pitch; simmered in a ladle, and well stirred. When hot pour it in the joint, and let it cool gradually."

A. S. B.—The ill-fated Duke of Reichstadt, as the son of the First Napoleon was called, died of consumption at the early age of twenty-one. We are aware that the idea has been generally entertained that the physical feebleness from which he suffered all his life was accompanied by a corresponding feebleness of mind. But later historians have denied that there is any ground for this impression, and have declared that he possessed a vigorous intellect, with great intensity of feeling; and that had his life been prolonged, he would undoubtedly have played a conspicuous part in the world's history. He is said to have delighted in military exercises, and had his father's marvellous air of ingratiating himself with the soldiers, who held him as their idol. His thoughts were incessantly upon France, and he pored day and night over the history of his father's splendid career.

INVALID.—Cocoa and chocolate are prepared from the nuts by freeing them from the pulp and making them undergo a process similar to malting. They are afterwards roasted in a perforated cylinder, and are then freed from their husks, and made into cocoa, or chocolate, which is similar to cocoa, but made into a paste, and contains sugar, and generally some flavoring addition, as vanilla, or other aromatic substance. The best chocolate is that which dissolves entirely in water, leaving no grounds in the bottom of the vessel. Chocolate should not be made till required for use. Water is better than milk for making chocolate, which should on no account be allowed to boil, as the oil would then pass to the surface. Neither coffee nor tea approaches cocoa or chocolate for nutritive properties. The latter contains every ingredient necessary to the sustenance of the body. Its active principle is theobromine, an alkaloid which is akin in character to theine and caffeine, the active principle of tea and coffee.

LAW STUDENT.—"Can you tell me the origin of the oft-used expression, "Men of straw?" Many years ago a class of men could easily be found willing to give any evidence, upon oath, that might be required; and some of these persons walked openly in Westminster Hall with a straw in one of their shoes, to signify that they wanted employment as witnesses; hence originated the saying, "He is a man of straw." But the custom has high antiquity. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. xxxiii., p. 344), on Greek Courts, says: "We have all heard of a race of men who used in former days to ply about our own courts of law, and who, from their manner of making known their occupation, were recognised by the name of straw-shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness knew by these signs where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate. The party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it. 'To be sure I do.' 'Then come into court and swear it.' And straw-shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw-shoes."

JOE.—China claims precedence over all other nations in the discovery of the art of printing. The period is supposed to be 950, A. D., and Foong-Taou, a Minister of State, the supposed inventor. Laurentius, son of John Coster, or Coster, of Haerlem, commenced printing from solid blocks of wood, on which the characters were cut, about the year 1430. In 1442, metal types, instead of wooden ones, were invented; and in 1458 a mode of casting types in matrices was discovered by Faust. In 1468 a printing press was privately set up at Oxford, but the first book known to have been printed there is only dated 1468. A press was afterwards established by Caxton, at St. Albans; and another adjoining Westminster Abbey, in 1471. A book on the game of chess, printed in 1474, may be regarded as the first production of the English press, though the first book published in the English tongue was the "Recuyell of the History of Troy," printed at Cologne, September 19th, 1471. The first press in America was established at Lima, Peru, about 1590, and the next in Mexico, in 1600. The first press in North America was at Cambridge, Mass., about 1638. The first newspaper in the United States was the *Boston News Letter*, 1704, which was regularly published for nearly seventy years.

MISCELLANEOUS.—HARRYMEN.—The word is pronounced just as spelt, without an accent on any one syllable in particular. A. H.—To the best of our remembrance your previous letter has been duly answered some weeks ago. C. D.—The difference between your ages is too slight to interfere with the prospects of future happiness. If she is willing to wait, you may engage yourself to her. MIXNIE.—There is no need for you to be desperate. You are a very long way from the "old maid's shelf" yet. D. J.—Yes, there is such a paper published; it is a monthly, not a weekly. J. P.—Your writing is quite good enough for the situation you name, but your spelling is not good, and would be very much against you in an examination. VIOLET.—Yes, girls mostly grow till they are one and twenty. The height you name is rather short, but you have plenty of time yet to grow.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

### OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

**One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;**

**Seventy-five—$75.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;**

**Twenty-five—$25.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.**

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.